

Skryline
1945

Ex Libris

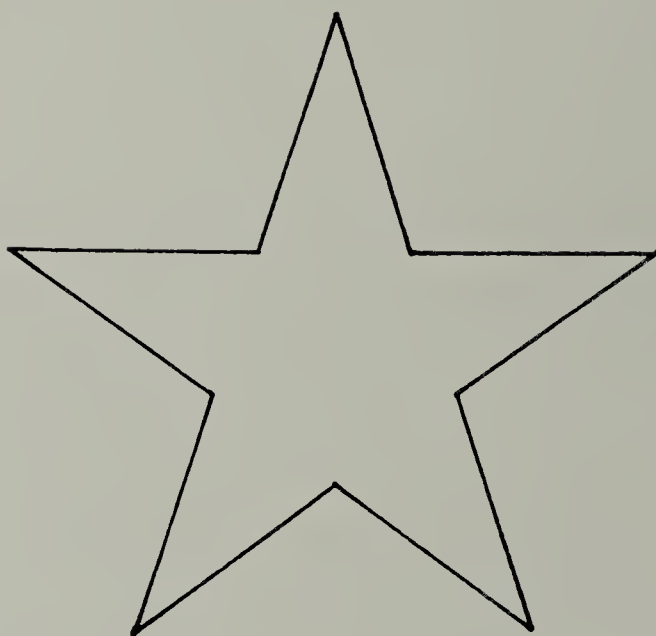


T H E

PUBLICATION OF
WAYNESBORO HIGH SCHOOL
WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

1945

Skyline



Dedication

We, the Senior Class, recognizing the great sacrifices that the boys and girls from our school are making in the defense of our country, do dedicate the 1945 Skyline to the honor of this valiant group.



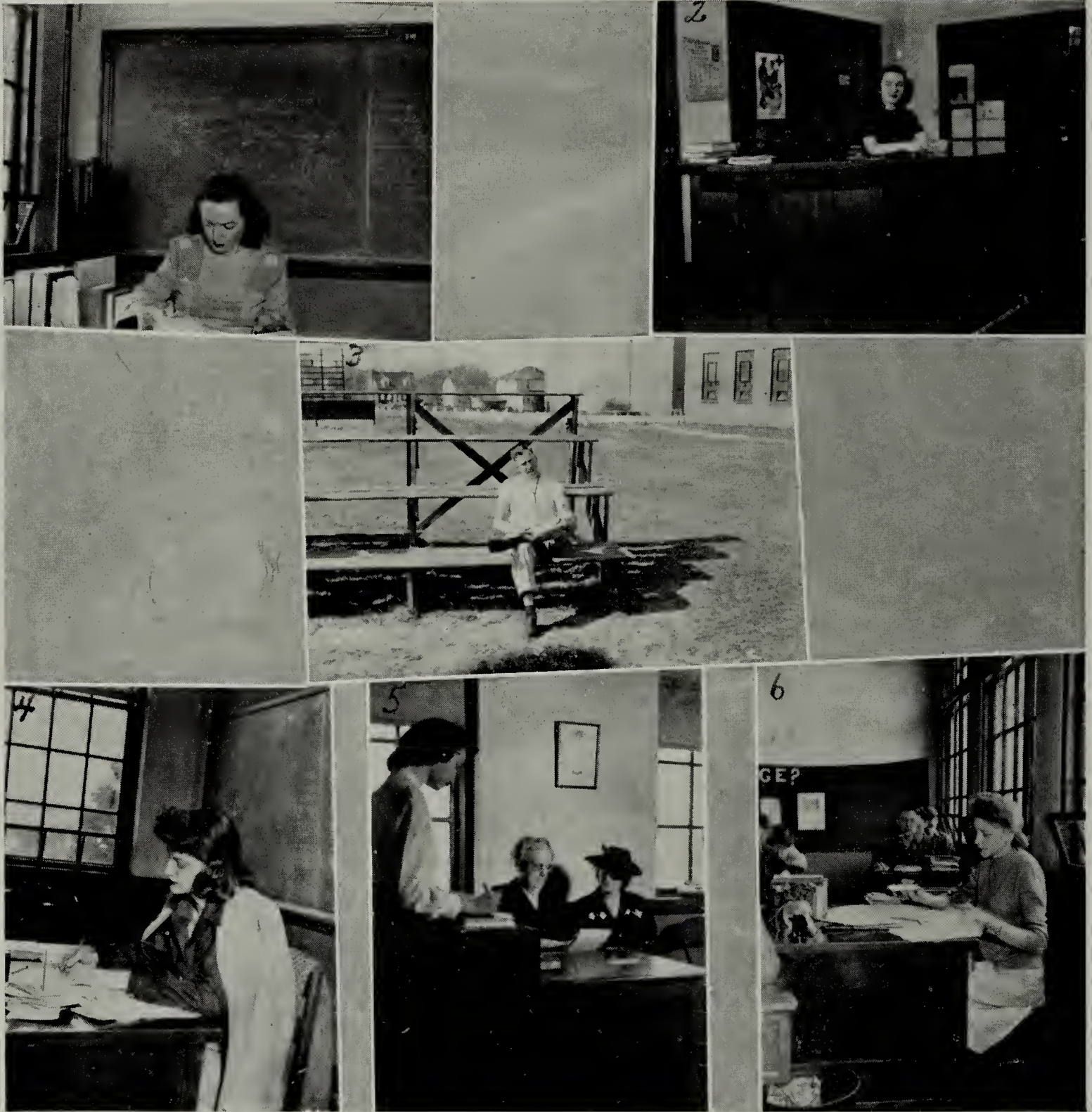
Foreword

Poised on the Skyline—we face the vista before us—one of great change, of great challenge, of unexplored realms. Behind us the years of preparation, of building, of development—by-products of these years of change of this our generation.

Herein we have collected a record of these years, and what has happened to us.

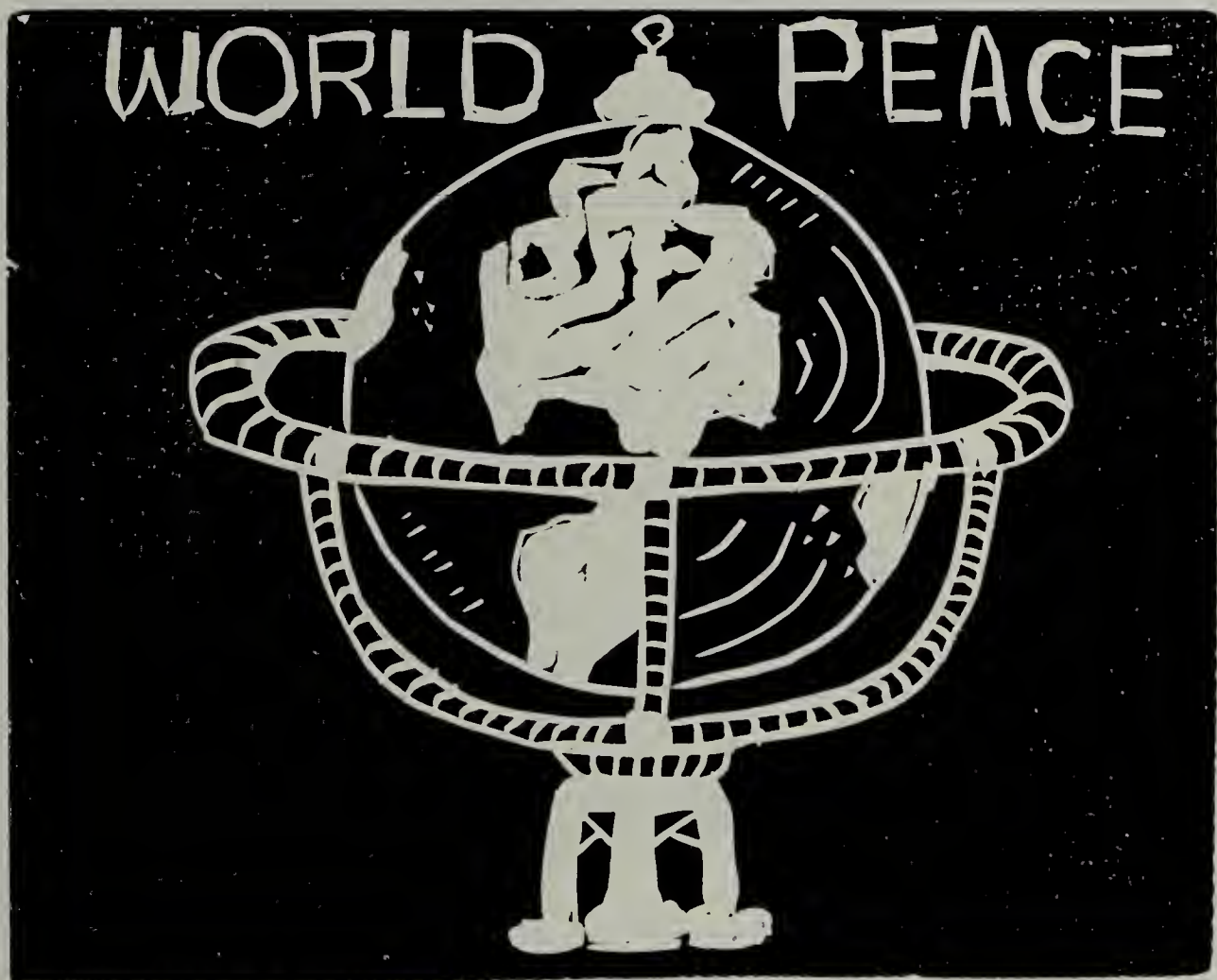
As a reminder to ourselves that we must be ready to face our Skyline as clearly as those have already done to whom this volume is dedicated, we present the 1945 SKYLINE.

Faculty In Contemplation



1. Government in Action.
2. Quiet!!!
3. "Our Coach."

4. Frenchy.
5. Guidance.
6. Shakespeare.



Administration



Message to Seniors

It is very gratifying to me to notice the change for the better, the growth and marked improvements you have made during your stay in high school. We have tried to guide you not only in the mastery of certain facts and skills, but also in desirable habits of behavior, attitudes, and appreciations. We hope you have attained these fundamental elements for successful democratic living and I wish for you a happy future.

"Observe the postage stamp—its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there." This quotation will be a good guide to follow. It is easy to set a high goal, but it takes real determination and character to stick to your purpose until the goal is obtained. The successful person is one who can overlook the petty trials of everyday life and so not lose sight of the main things in life.

Longfellow sums it up in four beautiful lines:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
For they, while companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

ELLEN BENNETT, B.A.
Radford State Teachers College
University of Virginia
English, History, Biology

DORIS BUHRMAN, B.A.
Madison College
English, History

KITTY BUSH, B.A.
College of William and Mary
Duke University
Madison College
Farmville State Teachers College
English, History, Spanish

ETHEL DAVIES
University of Virginia
Monmouth College
Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics

VIRGINIA FERGUSON, B.A.
Madison College
English, History

COVELLE GEORGE, B.A.
Library Science
University of Oklahoma
Librarian

SELMA GIVENS, B.S.
Radford State Teachers College
Home Economics

F. B. GLENN, B.A.
William and Mary
Principal of Wilson and Jackson
Diversified Occupations

MARY GREENE, B.S.
Madison College
University of Virginia
English

GLADYS HANGER
School Nurse
R. C. JENNINGS, B.S., M.A.
William and Mary
Columbia University
Supervising Principal

GEORGIE LAW, B.S.
Madison College
Physical Education

JAMES A. LEITCH, JR. B.S.
University of Virginia
University of Maryland
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
New York University
Physical Education

QUENTIN PIDCOCK, B.S.
Morehead State Teachers College
Industrial Arts

HELEN SHULAR, B.S.
Madison College
French, History, Dramatics

MAMIE SNOW, B.S.
Farmville State Teachers College
Mathematics

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND, B.S.
Westhampton College
Madison College
University of Virginia
Columbia University
Science

ELIZABETH SQUIRES, B.A.
College of William and Mary
University of Virginia
Smithdeal-Massey Business College
Commercial

IRENE TRAINUM
Dunsmore Business College
Secretary

JOSEPHINE WOLFE, B.A.
Emory and Henry College
Mathematics

LOUELLA WOODWARD, B.S., B.
Emory and Henry College
Radford State Teachers College
History, English, Latin

MRS. MARGARET WINCHESTER
B.A., M.A.
William and Mary College
University of Virginia
English, History

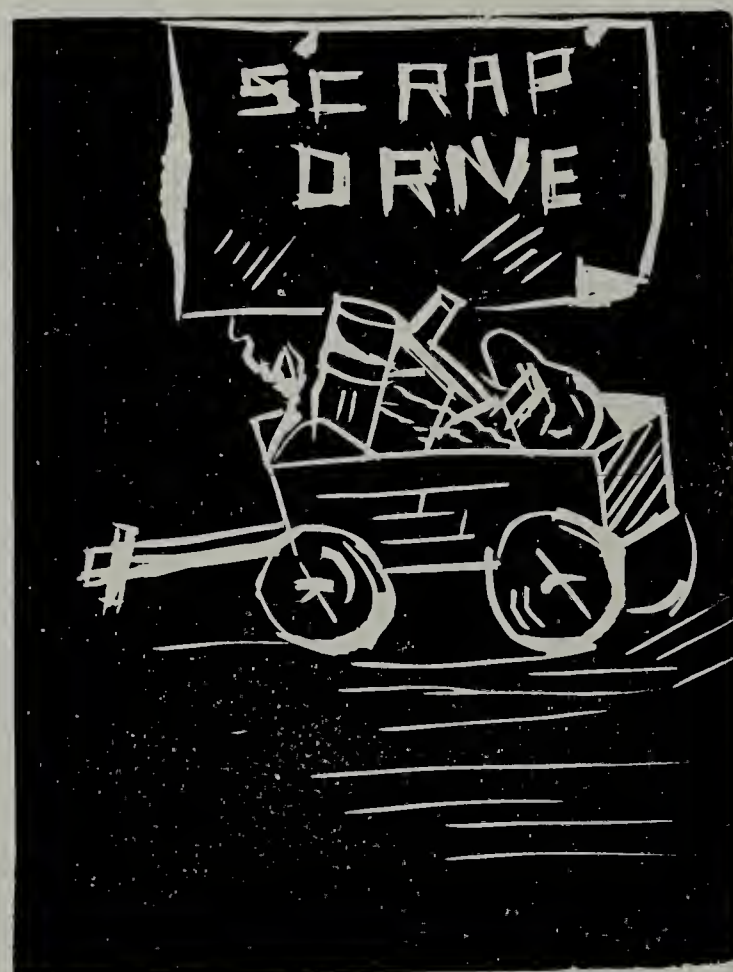
NELLE WRIGHT, B.A.
Emory and Henry College
William and Mary College
Supervisor of Instruction

Not shown in picture:

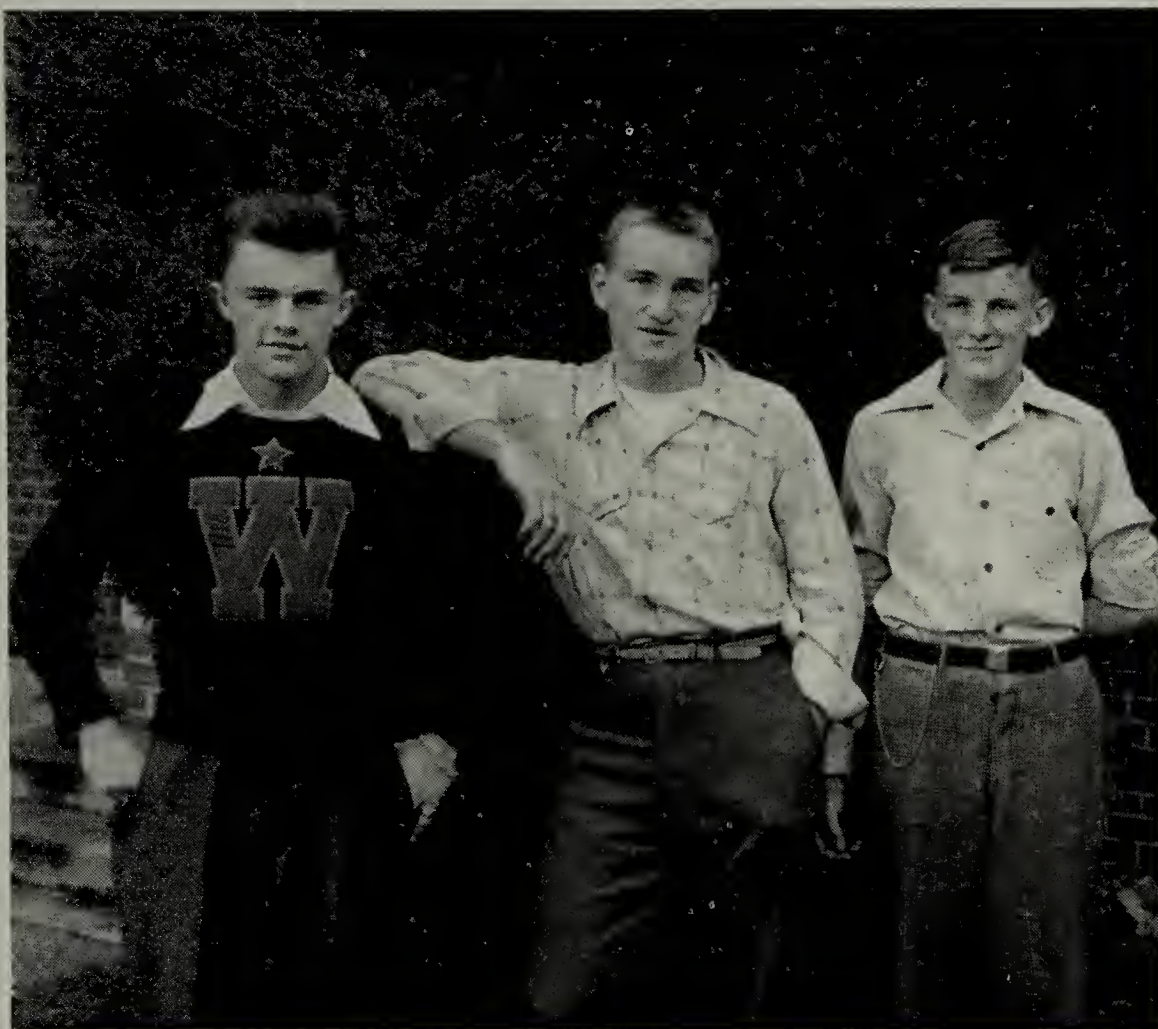
EDITH SNIDER, B.S.
Madison College
Music

MRS. STANLEY GARBER
Manager of Cafeteria





Classes



Senior Class Officers

GILES POWELL.....*President*

LLOYD BLACKWELL.....*Vice-President*

BOB WHITE.....*Secretary*

SENIORS

IDA ALMARODE

"Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed to be simple is to be great."

7/20/80

CHARLENE ARMENTROUT

"As merry as the day is long."

10/22/77

LEIGH BALL

"Life is a game that must be played."

CALLIE BAKER

"I can suck melancholy out of a song."

GEORGE BARKSDALE

"Plough deep while sluggards sleep."

HALIBURTON BAYLOR

"He had no malice in his mind."

JIMMY BEARDSWORTH

"The ladies call him sweet."

12-30-03

LLOYD BLACKWELL

"As innocent as a new-laid egg."

JEAN BRATTON

"Beauty of style and grace depend on simplicity."

EUGENE BYRD

"Set honor in one eye and death in the other, and I will look on both indifferently."

MARY ETTA CASH

"Her blushing was and how she blushed again."

PHYLLIS CLINE

"She's little but she's wise; She's a corker for her size."

JEAN COFFEY

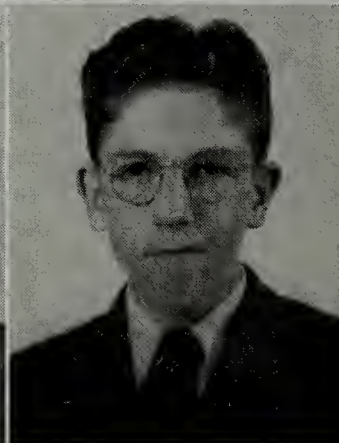
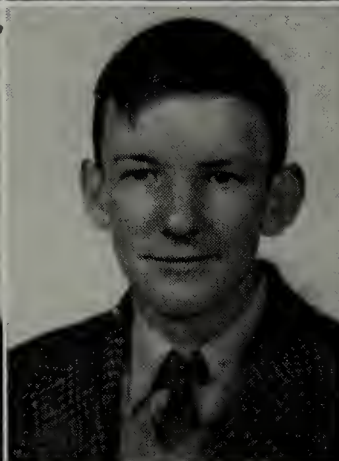
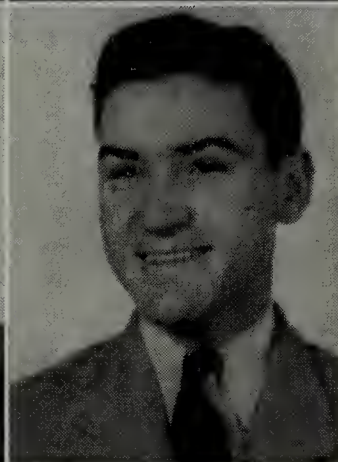
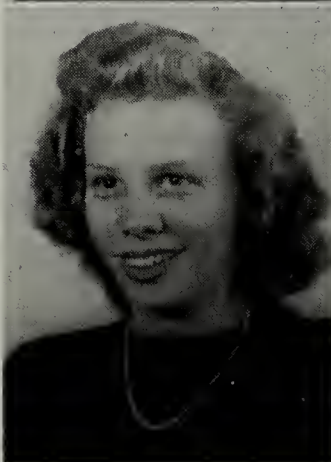
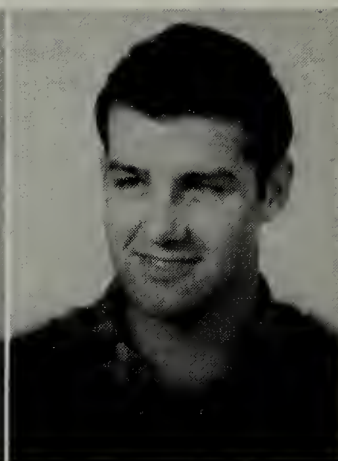
"For she was just the quiet kind whose nature never varied."

ALVIN COOK

"Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail."

CHARLOTTE COOK

"Dreamer of dreams."





SENIORS

CHRISTINE COYNER

"They laugh that win."

MARY GRAY CRAIG

"Principle is my motto."

WILLIAM CRAIG

"That which is everybody's business."

NORA CRITZER

"Nothing endures but personal qualities."

DAISY LEE DEAN

"Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set."

KENNETH DUNN

"To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing."

MARION DRUMMOND

"He would budge not an inch."

PETE EAST

"An experienced, industrious, ambitious, and often quite picturesque liar."

CONNIE ELLINGTON

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in a woman."

ROBERT EVANS

"What I can't see, I never will believe in."

EDITH FITZGERALD

"Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy."

JEAN FURR

"In friendship I early was taught to believe."

JEAN GUMM

"Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds."

LOULA HANGER

"So well she acted all and every part."

ANGELA HARRIS

"I wear not my dagger in my mouth."

SENIORS

12/14/84

MARGARET HANSHAW

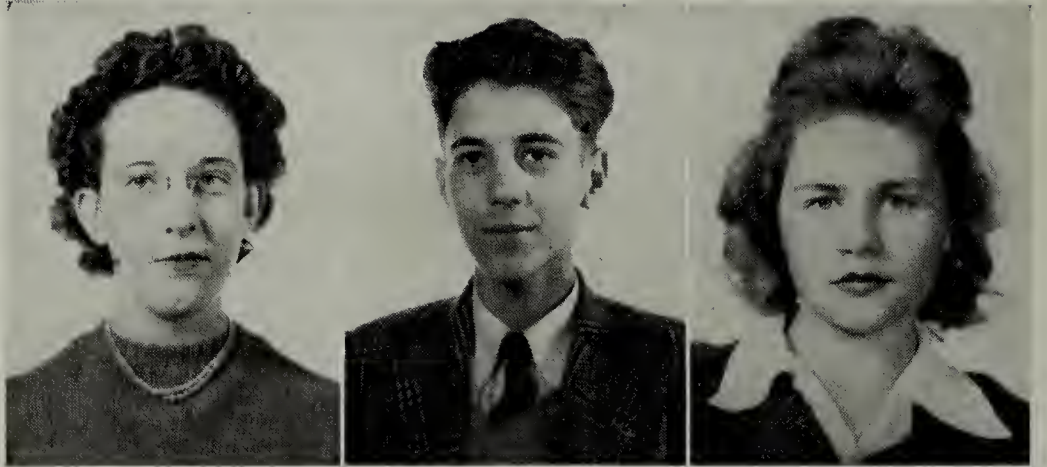
"As true as the needle of the compass."

JOHNNY HENDERSON

"Let me have an audience for a word or two."

MYRTLE HENDERSON

*"He will not ask if you won or lost,
But how you played the game."*



2-17-04

WOODY HERRON

"I can single handed move the world."

BETTY ANN HICKS

"I bear a charmed life."

CHRISTINE HOY

"Exhausting thought, and living wisdom with each studious year."

2-2-00



BOBBY JENKINS

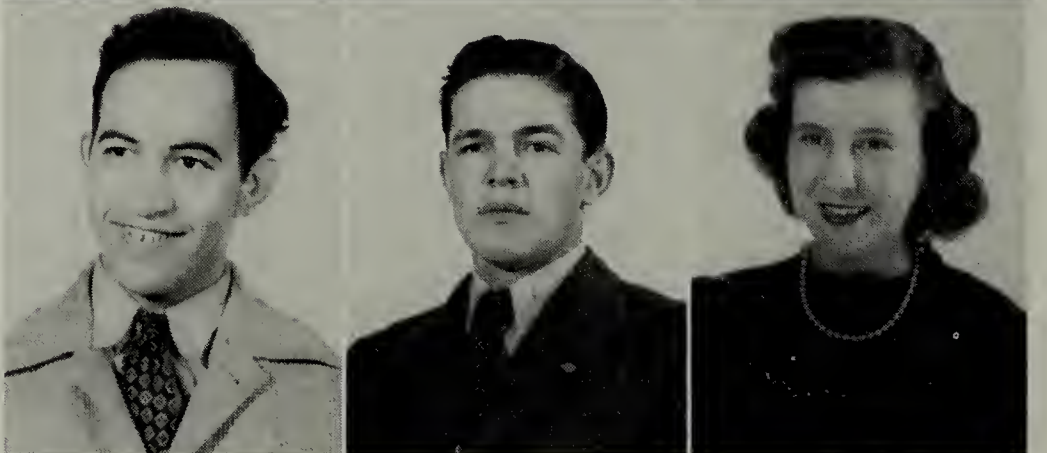
"I am a part of all that I have met."

PAUL JONES

"I dare do all that may become a man."

VIOLA KELLY

"My own thoughts are my companions."



3/31/80

MARY ALICE KERLIN

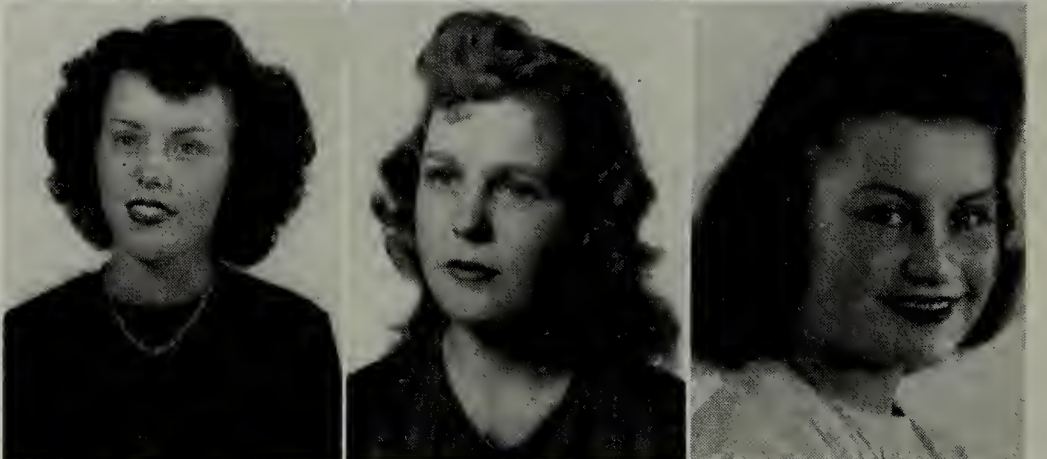
"As good be out of the world as out of the fashion."

LEORA KNAPP

*"I am the very slave of circumstance.
An impulse born away with every breath."*

FRANCES LAFFERTY

"The love light in her eye."



JANE LAYMAN

"Good sense which only is the gift of Heaven."

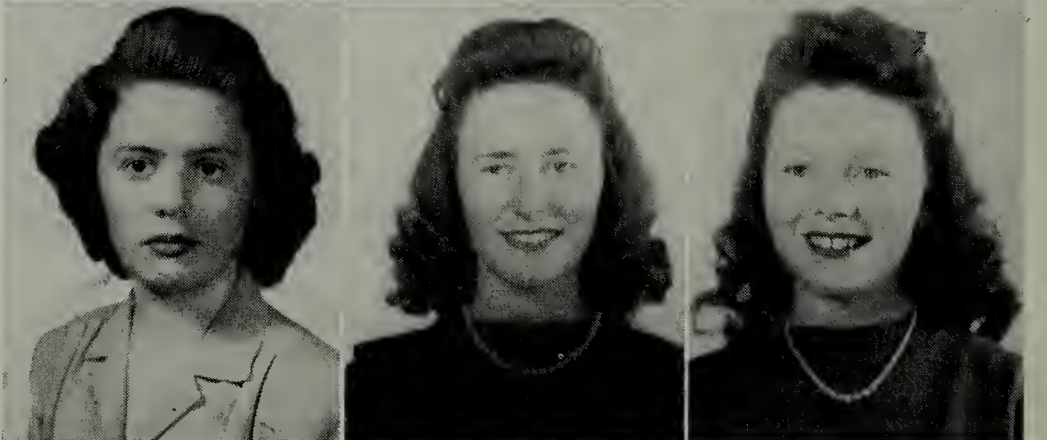
RHUDENE LAYTON

"Virtue is her own reward."

SELDA MAE LAYTON

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

4/17/89





SENIORS

VERLIE MARION

*"Speech is silver,
Silence is golden."*

5/22/80

LUCILLE MOSES

*"Within her tender eyes the heaven
of April with its changing light."*

ELLEN MOYER

"Progress is the law of my life."

SCOTT NININGER

*"The heart is wiser than the in-
tellect."*

MARY ROSE O'BRIEN

*"It is what I love determines how I
love."*

GILES POWELL

"Such joy ambition finds."

5/26/03

SAM PRESTON

*"I love fool's experiments. I am al-
ways making them."*

JAMES REESE

*"Wit, now and then, struck smartly,
shows a spark."*

12/4/88

LOUISE SAYRE

*"Everything that is unknown is taken
to be grand."*

PHYLLIS SHOWERS

*"This is my work; my blessing, not
my doom."*

C. G. SPECK

*"Life is not so short but that there
is always time for courtesy."*

LOIS STEPPE

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

FRANK TAYLOR

*"Why aren't they all contented like
me?"*

JAMES TAYLOR

*"No sooner said than done—so acts
this man of worth."*

SERETHA TAYLOR

"The shortest answer is doing."

SENIORS

CALVIN VIA

*"I never found the companion that
was companionable as solitude."*

RUDOLPH VIA

"Handsome is as handsome does."

TOM VICARS

*"He pleases all the world, but can-
not please himself."*

RUBY WAGNER

*"Never a tear—but her eyes a flood
of laughter."*

HELEN WALLER

*"What is yours is mine and all mine
is yours."*

ELINOR WHITE

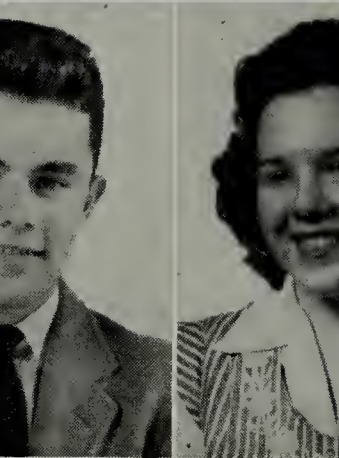
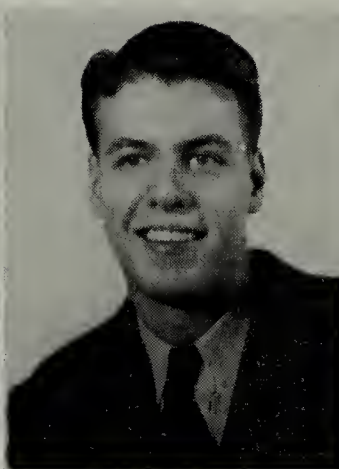
*"Where the willingness is great, the
difficulties cannot be great."*

ROBERT WHITE

"Character is higher than intellect."

ANN YANCEY

*"She smiles our world to loveliness,
like sunshine after rain."*



BILL MEETER 5/8/2000



Senior

Prettiest
Mary Alice Kerlin

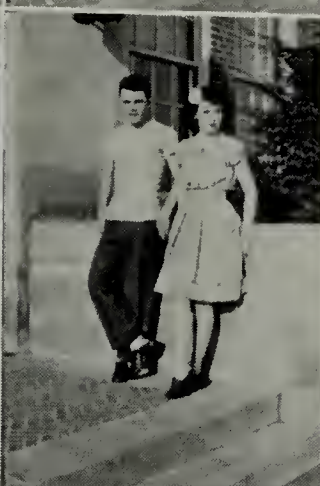
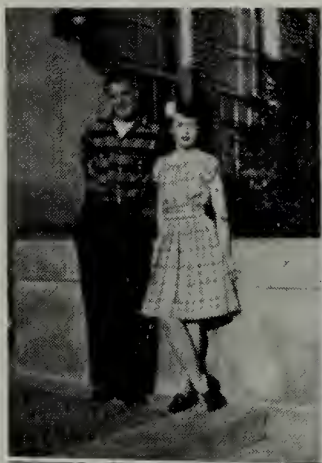
Handsome
Rudolph Via

Best Athlete
Frances Lafferty
Woody Herron

Biggest Flirt
Betty Ann Hicks
Sam Preston

Neatest
Mary Alice Kerlin
George Barksdale

Best All Around
Frances Lafferty
Bob White



Who's Who

*Best Personality
and Friendliest*

Loula Hanger
Bob White

Quietest

Margaret Hanshaw
Alvin Cook

Cutest

Mary Alice Kerlin
Bob White

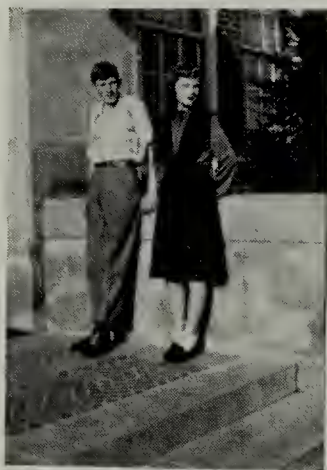
Most Sophisticated

Nehi Knapp
C. G. Speck

Wittiest

Elinor White
Lloyd Blackwell

Biggest Bluff
Nehi Knapp
Lloyd Blackwell



Most Likely to Succeed

Loula Hanger
James Taylor



Laziest
Callie Baker
Calvin Via



Most Popular
Nehi Knapp
Lloyd Blackwell



Best Sport
Frances Lafferty
Bob White



Best Figure
Callie Baker

Best Physique
Rudolph Via



Most Studious
Loula Hanger
C. G. Speck



Most Popular Teachers

Mrs. Woodward
Coach Leitch



What the Seniors Remind Us Of

IDA ALMARODE.....	Mouse
CALLIE BAKER.....	Sweater Girl
LEIGH BALL.....	Football Player
JIMMY BEARDSWORTH.....	The Physique
HALIBURTON BAYLOR.....	Clarke Gable
JEAN BRATTON.....	F. M. S.
LLOYD BLACKWELL.....	Hopeless Case
NORA CRITZER.....	Pancake Makeup
PHYLLIS CLINE.....	Squirrel
MARY GRAY CRAIG.....	Giggle
MARION DRUMMOND.....	Playboy
ANN YANCEY.....	Tardy
PETE EAST.....	Burp
CONNIE ELLINGTON.....	Stars and Garters
ROBERT EVANS.....	Hen-pecked Hubby
EDITH FITZGERALD.....	Kitten
JEAN FURR.....	Filling Station
JEAN GUMM.....	Typist
MARGARET HANSHAW.....	Wifey
LOULA HANGER.....	Student Council
MYRTLE HENDERSON.....	School Spirit
BOBBY JENKINS.....	Zoo
FRANCES LAFFERTY.....	Bride-to-be
SELDA LAYTON.....	W. W. G. H.
ANGELA HARRIS.....	Dotty Lamour
LUCILLE MOSES.....	News-Virginia
PHYLLIS SHOWERS.....	Rain
C. G. SPECK.....	Wolf
FRANK TAYLOR.....	Physics Quiz
JAMES TAYLOR.....	Pictures
CALVIN VIA.....	Laziness
RUDOLPH VIA.....	Charles Ailas
RUBY WAGNER.....	Third Marines
ELINOR WHITE.....	Nightingale, Florence
TOM VICARS.....	Southwest Virginia
PAUL JONES.....	Baby Face
CHARLENE ARMENTROUT.....	Corn
GEORGE BARKSDALE.....	Impossible
EUGENE BYRD.....	Bluff
MARY ETTA CASH.....	Roses Five and Ten
JEAN COFFEY.....	Cherry
ALVIN COOK.....	Quietness
CHARLOTTE COOKE.....	Blonde Bomber
CRIS COYNER.....	Smile
WILLIAM CRAIG.....	Madison College
DAISY DEAN.....	Engagement
KENNETH DUNN.....	Du Pont Rec. Hall
JOHNNY HENDERSON.....	Jitterbug
WOODY HERRON.....	Our Ideal
BETTY ANN HICKS.....	Flirt
CHRISTINE HOY.....	Modesty
VIOLA KELLEY.....	"Candy"
MARY ALICE KERLIN.....	Cover Girl
LEORA KNAPP.....	Apple Polisher
JANE LAYMAN.....	The Voice
RHUDENE LAYTON.....	Danger
VERLIE MARION.....	Wishing
ELLEN MOYER.....	Basketball
SCOTT NININGER.....	Tommy Dorsey
MARY ROSE O'BRIEN.....	Yankee
GILES POWELL.....	Professor
SAM PRESTON.....	Pinky
LOUISE SAYRE.....	Violet
LOIS STEPPE.....	Silly Questions
SERETHA TAYLOR.....	Strawberry
HELEN WALLER.....	Nurse
ROBERT WHITE.....	Sophomore Idol



1. "Blood, Sweat, and Tears" 2. The gruesome-foursome 3. Where's Carol??? 4. "I'll Cut it"
 5. Rah! Rah! Rah! 6. Trapped 7. Seniors at work 8. Going to church, Ellen? ? ? ? 9. "Jake"
 10. All smiles 11. Feet and more feet 12. All dressed up and no where to go 13. Those
 million dollar legs? ? ? 14. Snow-bound 15. "Ouch" 16. Our Mascot 17. Myrt's our gal 18.
 Two of a kind 19. "Pals" 20. "Innocence" 21. Seniors—but not so dignified.



Junior Class Officers

BOBBY BURNS.....*President*

BILLY DAMERON.....*Vice-President*

BILLY PHIPPS.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

JUNIORS

Aldridge, Lois

Allen, Betty Ann

Almarode, George

Alphin, Mary Louise

Arnold, Evelyn

Best, Ann

Bones, Charles

Burns, Bobby

Campbell, Charles

Chandler, June

Cline, Kirk

Coffey, Elizabeth

Coleman, Ordella

Dameron, Billy

Dempsey, Ruby

Diehl, Martha

Driver, Graham

Drumheller, Peggy

Fitzgerald, Jackie

Frasher, Audray

Frye, Johnny

Gipson, Gip Lee

Gochenour, Mary Sue

Halterman, Sylvia

Hammer, James

Hanger, Donald

Harmon, Grey

Henderson, Vivian

Hitt, Elizabeth Ann

Hicks, Gloria

Hodge, Julian

Humphreys, Frances

Johns, James

Johnson, Bette

Jones, Juanita

Kerns, "Pete"

JUNIORS

Kinser, Kathleen
 Kite, Emma Jean
 Knapp, Peggy
 Lonas, Allen
 McCormick, Katherine
 McCue, Lois
 Maupin Robert
 Miller, Frances
 Moore, Bernice
 Moore, Betty
 Moore, Hannah
 Moyer, Frances
 Myrtle, Juanita
 Pharr, Mary Betsy
 Pittman, Jean
 Plummer, Betty
 Quick, Jackie
 Rathburn, Mary Virginia
 Reeves, Jean
 Reid, Richard
 Ross, Virginia
 Saunders, Virginia
 Showers, Clinton
 Skillman, Betty
 Smith, Carol
 Tally, Wanda
 Taylor, Blackwell
 Trieschman, Mary Ann
 Twing, Rusty
 Vines, Billy Jean
 Wade, Betty

Do Not Have Pictures

Terry, Mac
 Taylor, Charlotte
 Tanner, Violette
 Shumate, Carl
 Niedenthol, Larue
 Morris, Charlene
 Burnett, Mabel
 Carr, Ruby
 Carter, Louise
 Fisher, Frances
 Hall, Leatrice
 Link, Naomi
 Critzer, Thelma
 Davis, Marshall
 Myers, Glenn
 Yount, Jo Ann
 Haden, Allen
 Hughes, Francis
 Lamb, Charles
 Phipps, William





1. Not a worry in the world 2. "Libby" 3. "Red" 4. With the wind in her hair 5. Football fans 6. Camping.



Sophomore Class Officers

HAL GRUVER.....*Prèsident*
CHARLES PADGETT.....*Vice-President*
NANCY McCRAKEN.....*Secretary*

SOPHOMORES



MISS BUSH'S HOMEROOM

Front Row—Left to Right:—Miss Kitty Bush, Peggy Smith, Jeanne White, Nancy McCracken, Barbara Wallace, Mary Bloss, Mary Hammer, Betsy Freed, Robert Goodloe, Harold Moyer, William Landes, Massie Wright, Tommy Lotts, Jack Ryman, Bill Kinder, Eddie Dinwiddie, Sarah Plumb, Pauline Niedentohl.

Back Row—Left to Right:—Carl Lamb, Dudley Morris, Bernard Hunt, Bobbie Barnes, Charles Padgett, Billy Quesenbery, Howell Gruver, Eddie Childs, Margaret Critzer, Lucille Henderson, Jean Owens, Jean Sheffield.

Not in Picture—Bobby Antrobus, Jimmy Deadrick, Daley Craig, Mabel Teter, Alfred Taylor.



MISS BENNETT'S HOMEROOM

Front Row—Left to Right:—Donald Beverage, Frank Williams, Joseph Knapp, Mildred Roadcap, Dorothy Powers, Delores Yancey, Jackie Darnell, Joyce Tuck, Patricia Lilly, Geraldine Neighbors, Ida Fisher, Betty Tomey.

Back Row—Left to Right:—Miss Ellen Bennett, Arthur Hodge, Billy Peterson, Paul Michael, Arthur Engman, Charles Tomey, Richard Kidd, Herbert Schwab, Bette Quillen, Homer Stinespring, LaNoma Baker, Carl Landes, Anna Dedrick, Jimmy Bratton, Gene Heatwolz, Rudolph Fitzgerald, Milnes Austin, Russell Kennedy.



MISS GIVENS' HOMEROOM

Miss Givens, Edythe Landes, Jean Tanner, Jean Spradlin, Agnes Phorr, Dolly Dedrick, Leona Armentrout, Louise Griggs, Geraldine Hammer, Lillian Diehl, Betsy Potts, Helen Bateman, Mable McCrary, Betty McCauley, Alice Davis, Jean Ann Lucas, Peggy Feed, Joan Coyner, Gloris Beahm, Jean Roberts, Delores Burnett, Helen Jones, Phyllis Fortune, Doris McCambridge.

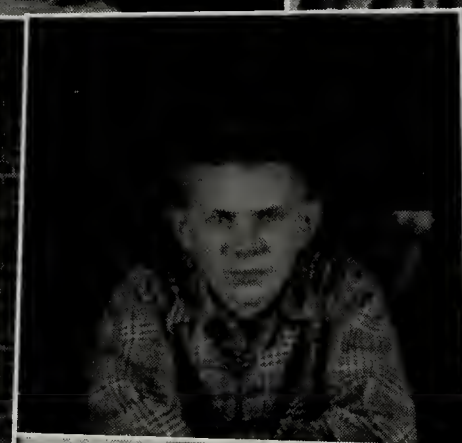
SOPHOMORES

At last, we are actually sophomores. We have been examined under the critical eyes of the upper classmen and have passed the test, we hope! One year is behind us and we are looking forward to the privilege of being time honored juniors.

Our class officers are Howell Gruver, president, Charles Padgett, vice president and Nancy McCracken, secretary. A very efficient group we think, but who are we to express our opinions? These officers are excellent examples of the type of students found in the sophomore class. Numbered also in the class are, we prophesy, next year's star athletes.

We are endeavoring to the best of our ability to master sophomore subjects. The so-called easy subjects, shop and home economics have turned out to be as difficult as algebra or history.

Another year is passing, and though we don't like to admit it, we are enjoying every minute of our sophomore year.



1. What a gang? 2. Sophomores at work 3. Man's best friend 4. A great little man
5. Lazy-bones 6. "Blondie" 7. Another Knapp 8. Bathing beauty 9. Just girls.



Freshman Class Officers

JACKIE QUESENBERRY.....*President*

ANN GREAYER.....*Vice-President*

JEAN BIRDSONG.....*Secretary*

FRESHMEN



MISS BUHRMAN'S HOMEROOM

Front Row—Left to Right—Sally Ellis, Jackie Quesenbery, Miss Buhrman, Binford Chew, Frances Campbell, Janice Steele, Sue Lawless, Barbara Cohn, Helen Kinser, Flora Larsen, Diane Ricks, Dorothy Davis, Janet Kniceley, Jo Ann Canada, Charles Hutton, Lewis Craig, Paul Almarode, Jay Grossman, Phil Brooks, Smedley Hartwick.

Second Row—Left to Right:—Lois Furr, Clemmer Matheney, Buddy Davis, William Ball, Douglas Hunte.



MISS SNOW'S HOMEROOM

First Row—Left to Right:—Melvin Niedentohl, Eddie Terry, James Johnson, Pickford Kennedy, Ralph Drummond, Raymond Parnell, Billy Martin, Jimmy Worth, Carl Almarode, Jimmy Fitzgerald, Lemuel Irvin.

Back Row—Left to Right:—Joyce Cook, Patsy Black, Helen Cale, Nancy Johnson, Ann Greaver, Violet Crouch, Lucille Fitzgerald, Jane Zimmerman, Louise Davis, Helen Marks, Joyce Wimer, Betty Wright, Miss Mamie Snow.

FRESHMEN



MISS SUTHERLAND'S HOMEROOM

Front Row—Left to Right:—Louis Spilman, II, Lonnie James, Eugene Wright, Russell Coffey, Arthur Tolley, Clyde Campbell, Douglas Matheney, William O'Brien, Bradley Myrtle, Johnny Troxell, Rudolph Reed.

Back Row—Left to Right:—Dorothy Bryan, Dorothy Ralston, Jelenne Williamson, Freida Simmons, Peggy Jones, Ruth Dunn, Barbara Snead, Margaret Woolford, Ann Taylor, Mary Kennedy, Myrtle Ruckman, Shirley Johnson, Ruth Lucas, Catherine Fisher, Mary Alice McComb.



MISS FERGUSON'S HOMEROOM

Front Row—Left to Right:—Lynwood Lamb, Cannon Steele, Billy Taylor, Macon Brown, Howard Fitzgerald, Ralph Wagner, Kenneth Coffey, Lynwood Lowry, Warren Burns.

Back Row—Left to Right:—Edward Haney, Nancy Williams, Emma Belle Batman, Christine Wolfe, Tessie Neofotis, Ruth Maier, Frances Quillen, Joan Hanger, Bunnie Ricks, Marianna Shumate, Eleanor Saunders, Gene Garst, Viola Price, Mary Virginia Cason, Gertrude Lamb, Mary Frances Hall, Peggy Moyer, Beatrice Campbell, Dorothy Critzer, Betty McCambridge, Frances Lowery, Ruby Arnold, Miss Virginia Ferguson.



MISS LAW'S HOMEROOM

Left to Right—Back Row:—Miss Georgie Law, Mary Ann Keenan, Dorothy Cole, Betty Jane Pittman, Helen Stinespring, Frances Quick, Shirley Larson, Ruth Humphries, Peggy Lamb, Rose Marie Saunders, Janet Altice, Betty Lou Shifflett, Mary Louise Harry, Maizie Hanger, and Betty Lou Powell.

Left to Right—Front Row:—Gene Baber, Wayne Brokenbrough, Winfred Fitzgerald, Everett Johns, Leonard Aldridge, Ben Dorrier, J. S. McMillan, Walter Thompson, and Lamont Edwards.

FRESHMEN

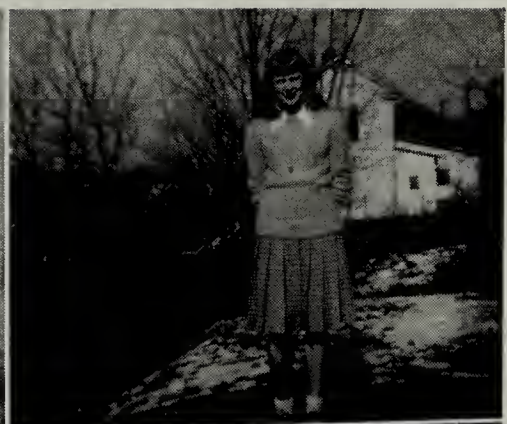
The freshmen of 1944-45 started a new experience when we entered high school in the fall. The idea of changing classes and having a different teacher for each subject was new to us.

The first of the year's studies was mostly a review of our old work. General science was an entirely different field for us, but is very interesting. Everyone liked the idea of having physical education and being able to get away from our studies for an hour each day. We studied something new and different in the type of literature and in our scholastics for our English class. Our history has taken us deeper into how our governments perform their duties.

In November we elected our new class officers, who were: President—Jackie Quesenbery; Vice-President—Ann Greaver; Secretary—Jean Birdsong.

Our freshmen class held a party in the latter part of December which turned out very successfully. Many freshmen and teachers attended the social and enjoyed it very much.

We all have enjoyed our freshmen year and are looking forward to our next years at Waynesboro High School.



1 "Tom-boy" 2. "Ain't he cute" 3. Sweet and lovely 4. Day-dreamer 5. "Song-bird" 6. Soda jerk 7. Woot's twin.

What The Teachers Remind Us Of

Miss Wolfe.....	<i>Southwest Va. through and through</i>
Miss Squires.....	<i>Efficiency plus!!!</i>
Miss George.....	<i>June Allyson</i>
Mrs. Davies.....	<i>Everything nice</i>
Miss Law.....	<i>Fudge sticks</i>
Mrs. Woodward.....	<i>Red roses</i>
Miss Snow.....	<i>Snowball</i>
Miss Givens.....	<i>Black-eyed susan</i>
Miss Trainum.....	<i>Friend in need is a friend indeed</i>
Miss Bush.....	<i>Spring day</i>
Miss Bennett.....	<i>Gladiolus</i>
Mrs. Winchester.....	<i>Southern belle</i>
Miss Ferguson.....	<i>Bright eyes</i>
Miss Snidow.....	<i>Music</i>
Miss Shular.....	<i>Orchid</i>
Miss Sutherland.....	<i>Wiser and wiser</i>
Miss Buhrman.....	<i>Smile</i>
Miss Greene.....	<i>Purple Iris</i>
Prof. Jennings.....	<i>Interest, understanding, and helpfulness</i>
Mr. Pidcock.....	<i>Working hands</i>
Coach Leitch.....	<i>Progress</i>
Mr. Glenn.....	<i>Leadership</i>



Organizations



Senior Annual Staff

Co-Editors	Frances Lafferty	Circular Managers.....	Ellen Moyer
	James Taylor		George Barksdale
Business Managers.....	Eugene Byrd	Art Managers.....	Lois Steppe
	Woody Herron	Proof-Readers	Elinor White
Sports Managers.....	Viola Kelly		C. G. Speck
	Robert White		Loula Hanger
Literary Editors.....	Leora Knapp	Typists	Daisy Lee Deane
	Mary Alice Kerlin		Ruby Wagner
Advertising Managers.....	Charlotte Cooke	Sponsors	Mrs. Louella Woodward
	Lloyd Blackwell		Miss Mary Green



Left to Right: Herbert Schwab, Bette Johnson, Ruby Wagner, George Barksdale, Harold Moyer, Ruth Lucas, Janet Knicely, Gloria Hicks, Ann Greaver, Billy Taylor, June Chandler, Edythe Landes, Shirley Larson, Katherine McCormick, Vice-President.

Standing are: Mrs. Louella Woodward, Sponsor; Loula Hanger, President; Connie Ellington, Secretary.

Student Council

The Student Council of 1944-45 has striven to maintain and strengthen a democratic relationship between the student body and faculty and to provide freedom in individual and group action as long as the action seems to contribute to the welfare of the school. Various student committees, supervised by the Council, have done much to aid this program. The task has just begun, and to the councils of future years, we cry, "Excelsior."



First row: Woody Herron, Robert White.

Second row: Charles Bones, Howell Gruver, Eddie Childs, Bob Burns.

Third row: Johnny Henderson, Leigh Ball, Charles Campbell, Coach Leitch, Eugene Byrd.

Fourth Row: Bobby Maupin, Calvin Via, Tommy Vicars, Jimmy Beardsworth, Giles Powell,
Francis Hughes, Lloyd Blackwell.

Not in picture: Rudolph Via, Eddie Dinwiddie, Marrion Drummond.

The "W" Club

ROBERT WHITE.....*President*
BOB BURNS.....*Vice-President*
EUGENE BYRD.....*Secretary-Treasurer*

The "W" Club was organized in 1943 after football season. This club was organized to set examples for the rest of the students in scholarship, sportsmanship, leadership, health habits, and high school athletics.

The "W" Club has assumed such responsibilities as packing waste paper, advertising athletic events, and ushering at basketball games.

Membership qualifications for the "W" Club are that all members earn a varsity letter for a major sport and that they pass initiations.

Only once in two years was a boy suspended from the club and this was because his work was unsatisfactory. He was readmitted in two weeks' time.



Left to right: Miss Covelle George, Miss Elizabeth Squires, Faculty Sponsors: Joan Hanger, Frances Quillen, Marianne Shumate, Hannah Moore, Sarah Plumb, Shirley Johnson, Frances Quick, Jane Zimmerman, Jo Ann Yount, George Barksdale, Juanita Myrtle, Katherine McCormick, Nina McGann, Sylvia Halterman, Jean Roberts, Binford Chew, Cris Coyner, Patricia Lilly, Geraldine Hammer, Ann Greaver, Ida Almarode, and Ruby Wagner.

Not in picture: Frances Humphreys, Gip Lee Gibson, Gene Heatwole, Billy Peterson, Charlene Armentrout, Billy Taylor, Vernon Kidd, Joseph O'Brien.

Junior Red Cross Representatives

The Student Body of Waynesboro High School is enrolled 100% in the Junior Red Cross. The planning is done through the two homeroom representatives from each room and the Student Council Committee. The members have been very active this year and have worked hard at a variety of projects. Their program of activities included collecting recreational supplies and making ditty bags to be used by the hospital and Camp Council for servicemen at the Woodrow Wilson Hospital. They participated in community projects by conducting a street sale of T. B. Bangles, enrolled in accident prevention classes and received certificates, conducted a "Back-to-School" campaign, and assisted the U. N. R. R. A. committee in collecting clothing for foreign relief. For the servicemen of Woodrow Wilson General Hospital the Manual Arts Class made walking canes, watch holders, cribbage boards and the girls made cartoon books. The members have assisted the local Red Cross in a number of ways and have distributed forms, done clerical work and helped in the 1945 War Fund Drive.



Standing: Peggy Smith, Dimples Kite, Treasurer; Sam Preston, President; Myrtle Henderson, Secretary; Alice Davis.

Sitting: (left to right) Mary Sue Gochenour, Connie Ellington, Jean Birdsong, Diane Ricks.
Faculty members: (not in picture) Miss Georgie Law, Miss Selma Givens, Miss Virginia Ferguson, Mr. James Leitch

Social Committee

The Social Committee, chosen first by homerooms and then approved by Student Council, has a membership of nine students and four faculty members.

The committee, meeting one day a week, sponsors the dances and socials of the school.



First Row: "Nehi" Knapp

Second Row: Bette Johnson, Emma Jean Kite, Carol Smith

Third Row: "Cris" Coyner, "Myrt" Henderson

Fourth Row: Peggy Smith

Cheer Leaders

The cheering squad of 1944-45 consists of seven cheerleaders. They were chosen through Student Council according to the ability of the students in a try-out contest.

They practiced regularly and kept the student body up-to-date on the old cheers and discovered many new ones.

Leading the cheers throughout the football and basketball seasons, they kept the crowd bubbling with school spirit; and nothing was too good for the "Gold and Purple" as far as the cheerleaders were concerned.



First Row : "Jody" Knapp, Gloris Beahm, Virginia Saunders, Gip Lee Gibson
 Second Row : Catherine Fitzgerald, Homer Stinespring, Peggy Smith, La Noma Baker, Carl Lamb, Miss Helen Shular

Dramatic Club

Under the leadership of the director, Miss Helen Shular, the members of the Waynesboro High School Dramatic Club have devoted much time to the study of acting, staging, and make up. This allows members to acquaint themselves with the experience necessary for taking charge of major productions. However, the club encourages finding and developing talent from the entire student body, and hence, this year roles in all productions have been opened to a far greater number of students. This has made it possible not only for members of the club, but for anyone interested in trying out to participate in the dramatic production.

It has become the custom to present two major public performances during each school year: a variety show and a three-act play. The variety this year was in the form of a vaudeville show. The cast consisted of about sixty actors. All skits were student written—all dance routines were original and student directed—all make up, staging, and lighting effects were worked out by student committees. The industrial arts classes helped with several stage effects. Miss Snidow and the Glee Club contributed much talent and leadership in the musical numbers.



First Row: Louis Spilman, Jimmy Johnson, Frances Quillen, Joan Hanger, Mary Hammer, Barbara Wallace, Betty Potts, Ann Best, Libby Anne Hitt, Jackie Quick, Delores Yancey, Mary Louise Harry, Mazie Hanger, Juanita Jones, Miss Edith Snidow, Donald Hanger, Harold Moyer, Joe O'Brien.

Second Row: Ruth Humphries, Ruby Dempsey, Billy Peterson, Charles Padgett, Bunnie Ricks, Jimmy Bratton, Jimmy Fitzgerald, Richard Reid, Ordella Coleman, Agnes Pfarr, Betty Allen.

Not present for picture: Mary Bloss, Audra Frasher, Mary Sue Gochenour, Betty McCauley, Jane Zimmerman, Rudy Arnold, Joyce Hintz, Leonard Aldridge, Clyde Campbell, Billy Hite, Bobby Barnes, Colles Hintz.

Choral Club

For the first time in the history of the choral club, it now has a membership of both boys and girls; thus resulting in a large organization.

Through the year the club has sung at various programs, such as the Thanksgiving and Christmas assemblies, and at the program given for the parents on "Open House Day." Some of the members sang in the "Vaudeville Show" presented by the Dramatic Club. Before the year ends the club will give an assembly program and sing at graduation exercises.



Song of Daytime

LEORA KNAPP

The grey dawn—and the last star fades,
A soft silver light comes.
The mist rises to greet the hours
Saying adieu to the lovely flowers.
The prelude to a song—the soft, refreshing
dawn.

The dawn becomes erstwhile and the world
is radiant.
The sun is now majestic, casting shadows,
Making figures reflecting on the deepest
meadows
The melody is now in tune.
The hours pass and all too soon.

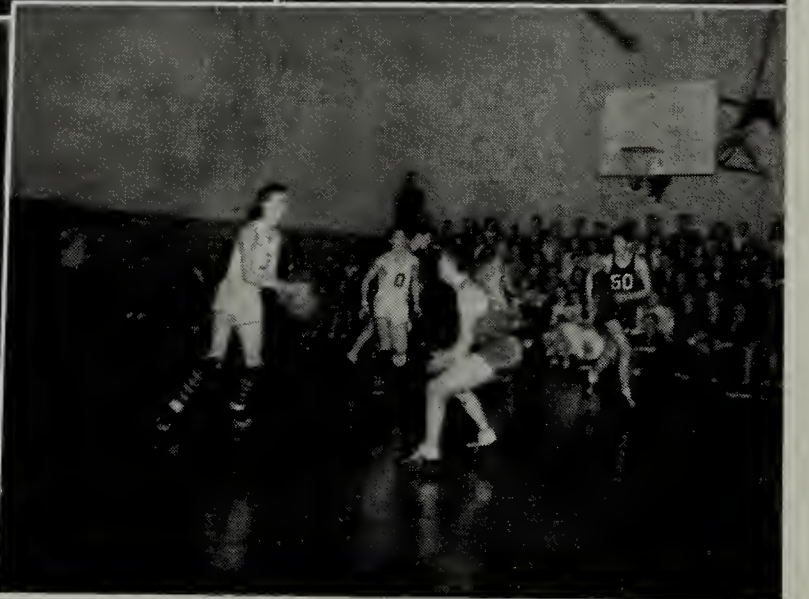
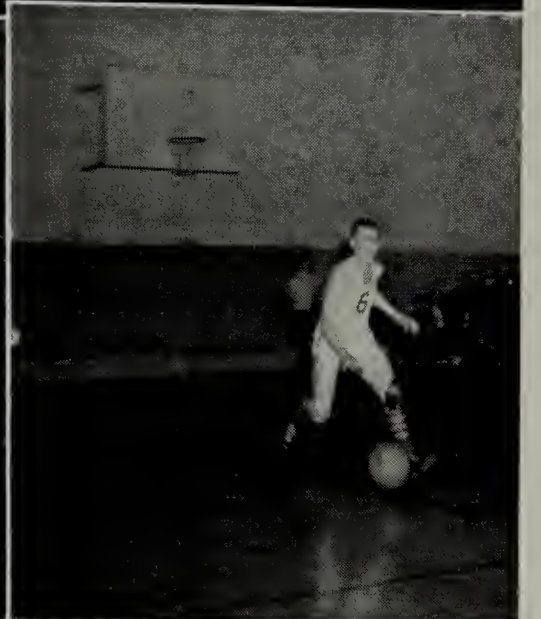
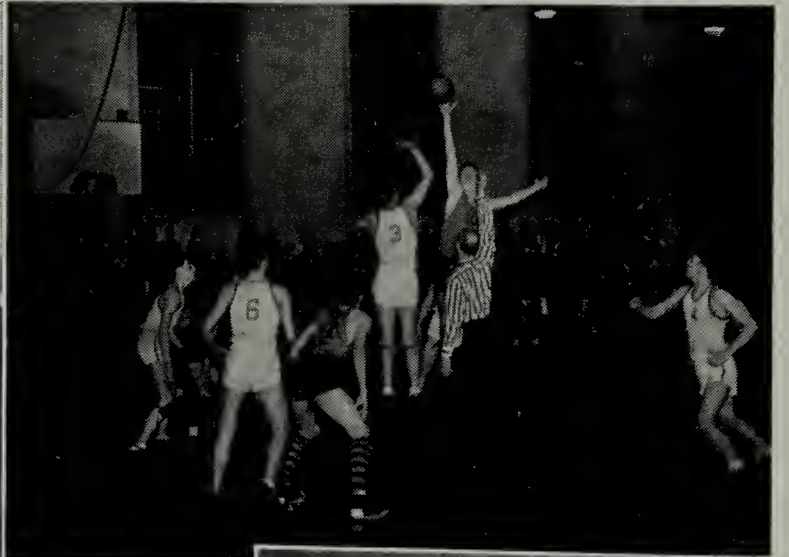
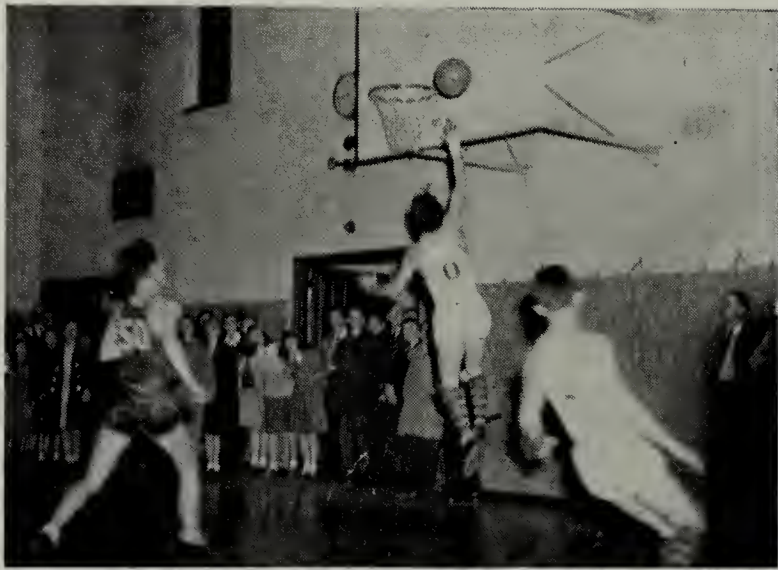
Late afternoon, life is hard; our day's work
is done.
Many experiences we have met.
Late afternoon is here; the sun is fading yet.
The melody is soft and getting far away.
The sun still shines with paler light;
I know it will not stay.

The twilight comes and all too suddenly but
with kindness and quietness.
The lights of evening are pastel shades, and
the tired sun descends.
Leaving behind the mountains, the earth,
the winding river bends.
We barely hear the lovely theme.
The evening star soon must gleam.

Darkness comes and the stars glitter with a
high polish.
The night is moonless and the soft breezes
are sighing.
The few embers of a daytime now are dying.
The song is ended with little glory.
This is a song of life's own story.



Athletics



At the Old Ball Game!!!



First row: Buster Bones, Tom Vicars, Leigh Ball, Bob White, Captain Woody Herron, Eddie Childs, Giles Powell, Bobby Maupin, Jimmy Beardsworth.
 Second row: Bob Burns, Manager Lloyd Blackwell, Jack Fisher, Charles Campbell, Howell Gruver, Pete Kerns, Francis Hughes, Eugene Byrd, Sam Preston.
 Third row: Gene Heatwole, William Craig, Carl Shumate, Willie Landis, Bernard Hunt, Frank Taylor, Lonnie James, Pete McMillian, Pete East, Billy Quesenbery.
 Fourth row: Coach Leitch, Assistant Manager Eddie Dinwiddie, Mac Terry.
 Missing: Bill Meeteer, Marion Drummond, Rudolph Via, Glenn Myers, Jim Woods.
 Alan Lonas.

Football

The "Little Giants" came through with a fine record this year having Woody Herron and Giles Powell on All Conference and Leigh Ball, Rudy Via, Bobby Maupin, Bill Meeteer, and Buster Bones making honorable mention.

This years team was heavy and hard-hitting.

Game Comments:

Culpeper was beaten in the last half by a "rallied eleven."

Lane—The "Giants" had "fumblitis."

Winchester—The "spirit was willing but the body was weak."

V. S. D. B.—Fast and furious, was won only in the last few minutes.

Miller School—Was beaten all the way by the "Giant Eleven."

Covington—The eleven "Giants" walked into a "meatgrinder."

Harrisonburg—Was outplayed all the way, but the "hard-fighting eleven" lost out in the scoring.

Fluvanna—The "Little Giants" came through, but what a game!

Culpeper	6	Waynesboro	12
Lane	18	Waynesboro	0
Winchester	20	Waynesboro	0
V. S. D. B.....	0	Waynesboro	6
Miller School.....	7	Waynesboro	12
Covington	33	Waynesboro	6
Lexington	0	Waynesboro	1
Harrisonburg High.....	27	Waynesboro	14
Fluvanna	0	Waynesboro	13



Back Row: Miss Law, Coach; Elinor White; Ellen Moyer; Jean Sheffield; Hannah Moore; Mary Virginia Cason; Ruby Wagner, Manager.

Front Row: Mary Gray Craig; Frances Lafferty; Viola Kelly, Captain; Myrtle Henderson; Charlotte Cooke.

Not in picture: Katherine McCormick; Margaret Critzer.

Girls' Basketball

This year showed marked improvement in the development of skills and team work among the "Little Amazons." The team profited by accurate forwards and tall, strong, fast-passing guards.

Ellen Moyer and Charlotte Cooke were the most versatile players being readily adaptable to both guard and forward positions.

The total number of games played was nine. Out of these nine there were five wins, three losses, and one tie. High scorer for the "Little Amazons" was Captain Viola Kelly with a total of 47 points. Taking second place was center, Frances Lafferty, with a total of 41 points. Myrtle Henderson came up with 32 points and Charlotte Cooke 21 points.



Back row: Mr. Leitch, Coach; Lloyd Blackwell; Eddie Dinwiddie, Manager.
Center: Eddie Childs; Buster Bones; Bobby Maupin; Howell Gruves; Marrion Drummond.
First row: Giles Powell, Captain; Bob White; Bob Burns; Jimmy Beardsworth; Woody Herron.

Boys' Basketball

The Little Giants of '45 had a very successful season, losing only two conference games and finishing as runners-up in the conference. The Little Giants defeated two class A high schools during the season. These teams were Lane, which was defeated once, and Washington and Lee of Arlington, defeated twice. The Little Giants lost to the Class A state champs by four points only. The '44-'45 Little Giants won four berths on the all conference team. These players were: Giles Powell, Woody Herron, Jimmy Beardsworth, and Bob White. High scorer for the year was Bob White with 234 points, a game average of 12 points. Next in the scoring section were Beardsworth with 184, Herron with 141, Powell with 76, and Burns with 56.

Beverly Manor.....	20	Waynesboro.....	49
Stuarts Draft.....	20	Waynesboro.....	54
Lane	27	Waynesboro.....	26
V. S. D. B.	32	Waynesboro.....	21
S. M. A.	38	Waynesboro.....	30
Covington	25	Waynesboro.....	44
Clifton Forge.....	15	Waynesboro.....	35
Harrisonburg	49	Waynesboro.....	28
Washington and Lee.....	31	Waynesboro.....	45
Lexington	26	Waynesboro.....	47
Staunton	38	Waynesboro.....	40
Covington	33	Waynesboro.....	54
Washington and Lee.....	29	Waynesboro.....	37
George Washington High.....	39	Waynesboro.....	35
V. S. D. B.	36	Waynesboro.....	34
Harrisonburg	28	Waynesboro.....	27
Lexington	30	Waynesboro.....	40
Clifton Forge.....	23	Waynesboro.....	36
Staunton	33	Waynesboro.....	52
Lane	35	Waynesboro.....	47



Back Row: Mr. Leitch, Coach; Bobby Moore; Raymon Parnell; Daley Craig; Massie Wright; Carl Shumate; Tommy Lotts
 Center: Milnes Austin; Harold Moyer; Glen Matheney; Lemuel Irving; Paul Almarode; Jody Knapp; Louis Spilman; Robert Pleasants.
 Front Row: Homer Stinespring; "Willie" Landis; Mac Terry; Jack Fisher; Russell Kennedy; Bernard Hunt; Ernest McMillan; "Pete" Kerns.

Boys' Junior Varsity Basketball

The Junior Varsity came through with a very good record this year. The team played well and fought many hard battles.

V. S. D. B.—Tried hard, but just couldn't do it.

Lexington—Fought hard and were rewarded for it.

Fishersville—Although they were playing the varsity, they came out on top.

V. S. D. B.—Made up for their earlier defeat by this team.

Lexington—Came up with flying colors.

	O.	W.
V. S. D. B.	38	12
Lexington	14	20
Fishersville	23	27
V. S. D. B.	13	21
Lexington	19	31



Captain Woody Herron of the Little Giants, All-Conference Back.

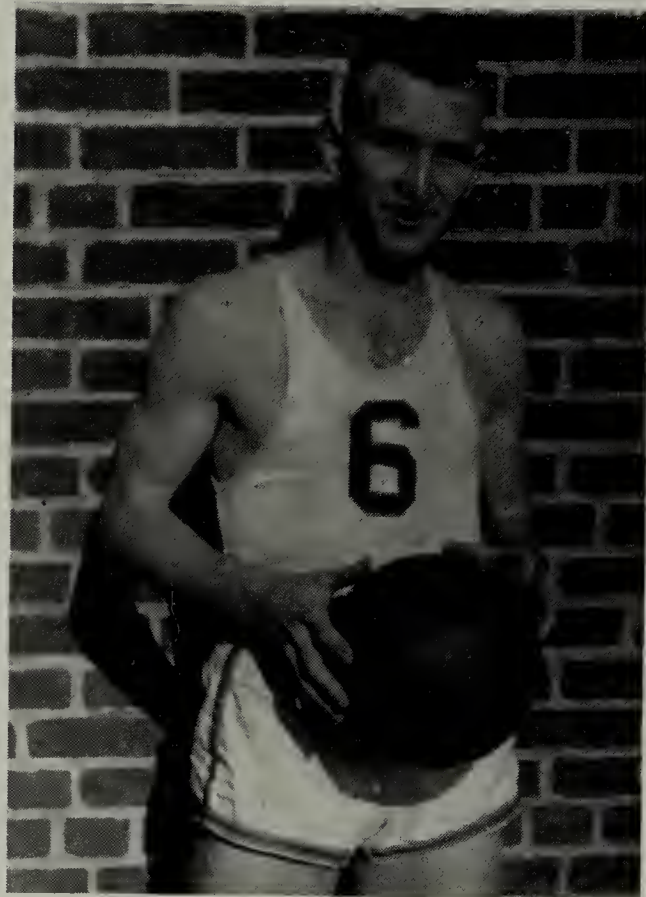
Giles Powell reached the peak of his high school football career in the 1944 season. He played first string guard in his sophomore, junior, and senior years. This knowledge and experience gained during his first two years, together with hard steady playing all three, won him a starting berth on the '44 All-Conference team, taken from a poll of all the players in the conference. His highest position, however was given him by every coach in the conference. His graduation is indeed a heavy loss to the "Little Giants."

Woody Herron, "Giant" quarterback, was polled as one of the four All-Conference backs. Woody, probably the shiftiest back in the conference, was liked very much by his teammates. He played his heart out in every game, even when victory was impossible. His popularity was shown when he was elected team captain by the rest of the '44 football lettermen. Herron will play his fourth year of football in the '45 session and will be a valuable asset as well as "spark plug" for the whole team.

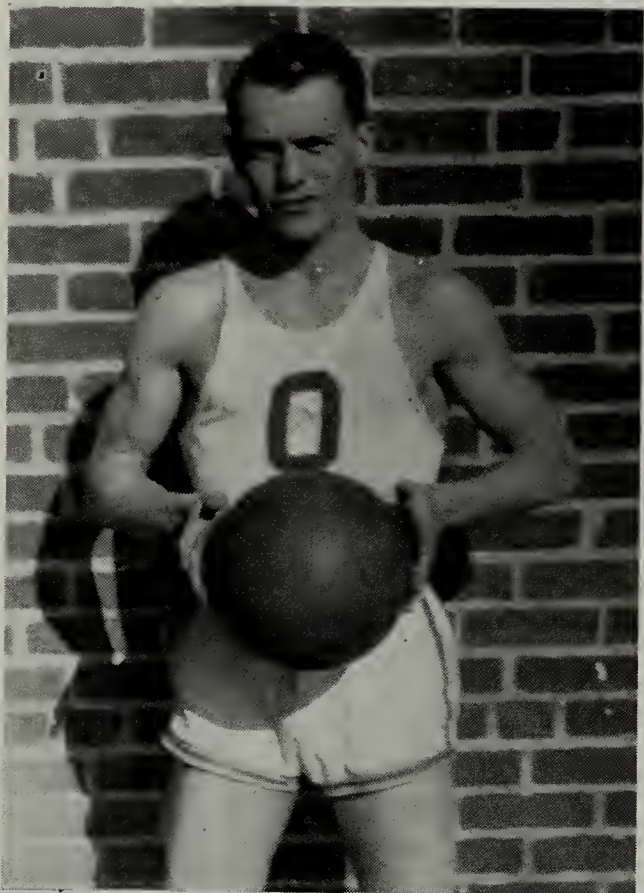


Giles Powell, "most outstanding linesman" of the conference.

Giles Powell repeated his last year's performance as an outstanding, steady basketball guard. He was "dead" on set shots and many games were pulled out of the "much" and turned in our favor when he dropped in as many as 3 or 4 straight ones in a quarter. Giles was the team's most valuable rebound man, receiving about half of all the rebounds that were taken by the Giants. The ball was very seldom stolen from Powell, yet he took it from an opponent many times. He was the best defensive player on the team, keeping the opponent from making many points. Powell served as game captain in the following games: Covington, Washington and Lee, V. S. D. B., Lexington, and Lee High.

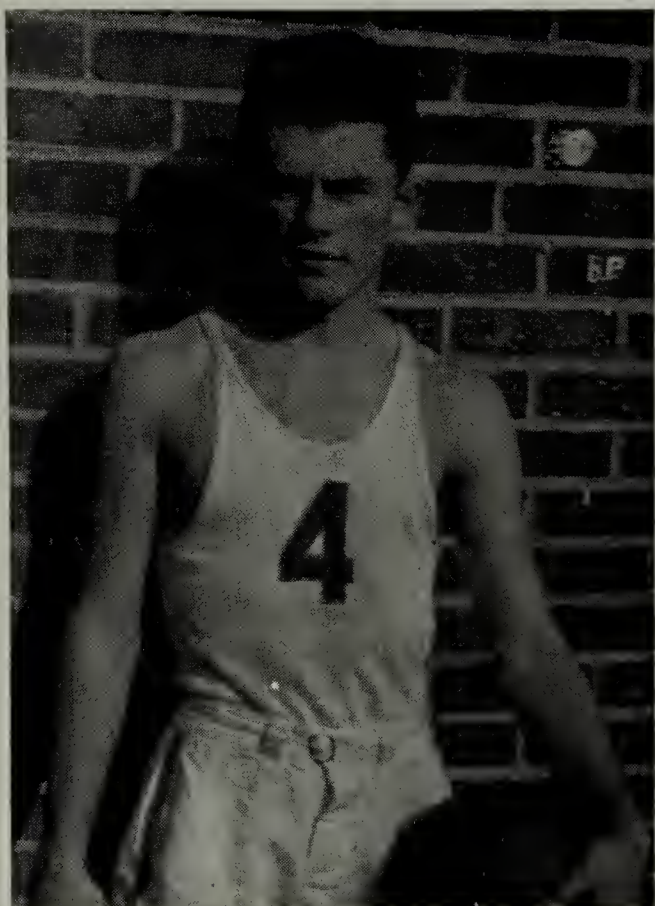


Captain Giles Powell, all conference guard of 1945.



Woody Herron, all conference guard of 1945.

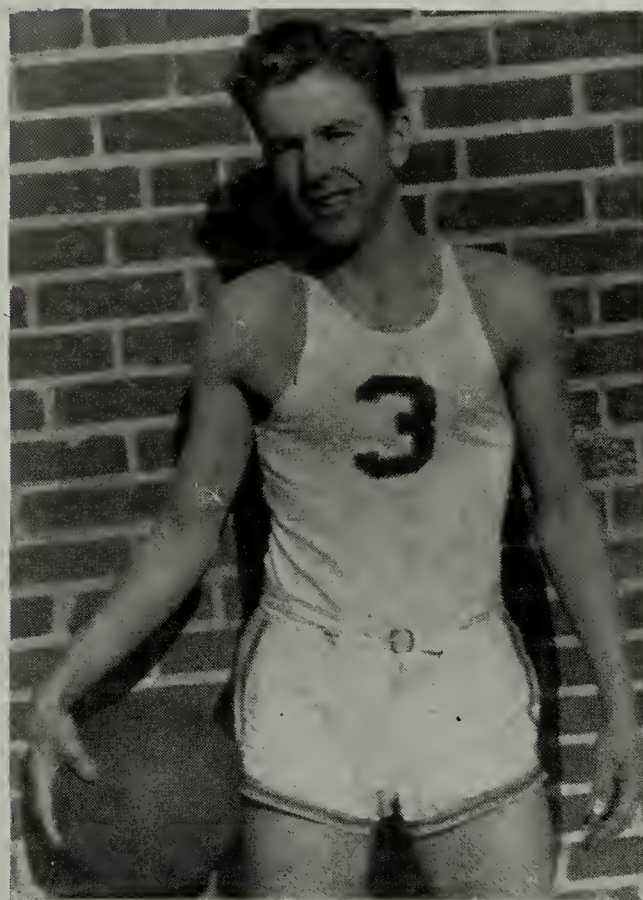
Woody Herron, speedy right guard for the Little Giants, was voted the best all around guard in the conference. His wonderful ball handling made him an outstanding player. Time and again he stole the ball from the opponents and dribbled in for two points. Like his running mate, Powell, Woody was in on many rebounds taken from the opponents board. Woody contributed 144 points to the Little Giants' total, this being a good share of points. Woody still has another year to play yet, and should be even more valuable and outstanding next season. Herron served as game captain of the following games: Stuarts Draft, V. S. D. B., Clifton Forge, Lexington, Washington and Lee, Harrisonburg, and Lane High.



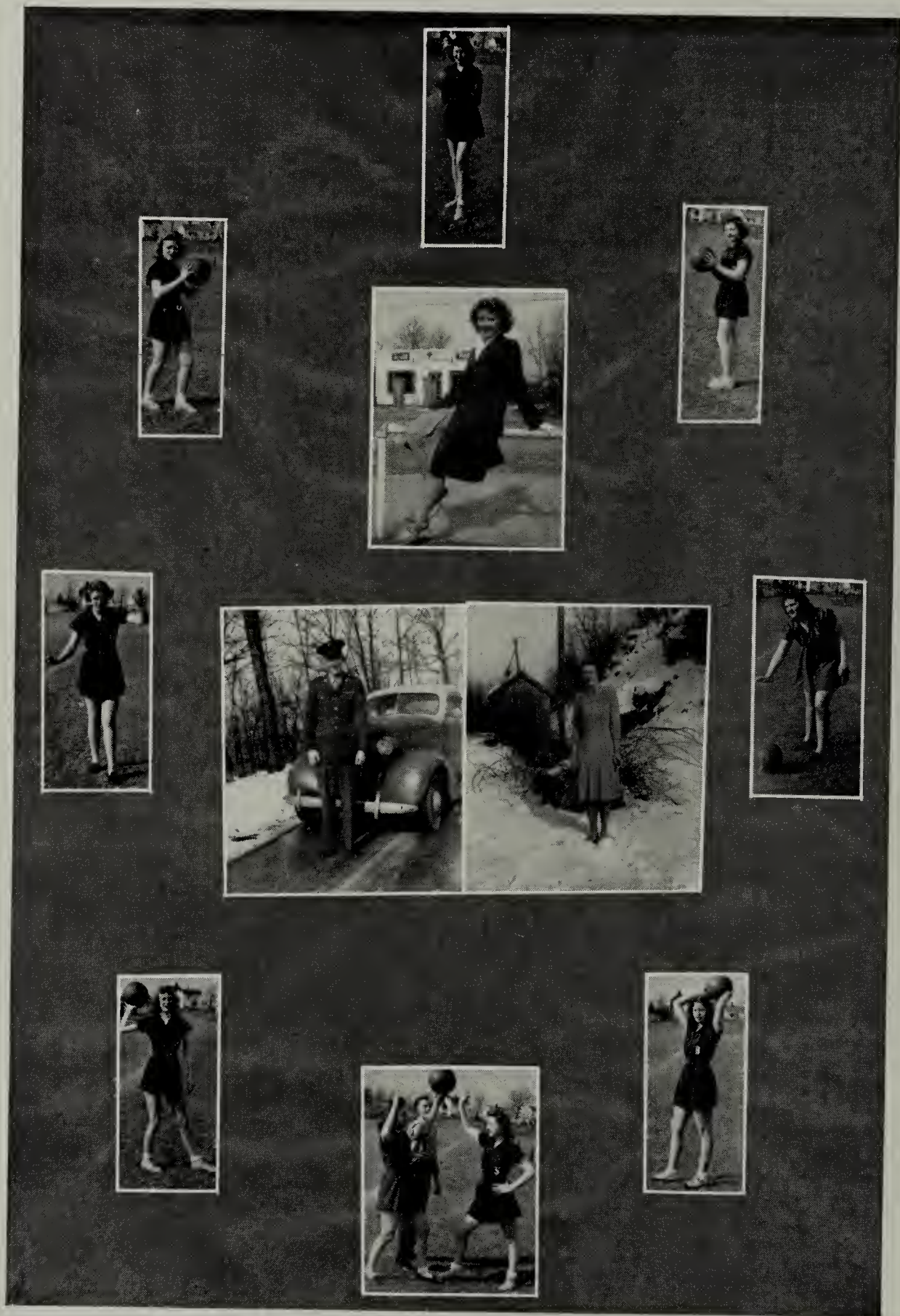
Bob White, Giant high scorer, all-conference forward of 1945.

Bob White, flashy left-handed right forward, was the Little Giant's high scorer for the season of 1944-45. White had four 20 point-or-better games, his highest being 30 points. Probably his best game was the Lane High game at Charlottesville, where he lead his team mates to a 47-35 victory, scoring 25 of the points himself. He was bearing a grudge against a 1 point loss to the Lane boys earlier in the season, and no Lane guard could hold him down. White served as game captain of the following games: Beverley Manor, S. M. A., Harrisonburg, Lee High, and George Washington High.

Jim Beardsworth, shifty left forward, was a mainstay of the team. His beautiful ball handling and shifty work proved to be a deciding factor in all the Little Giants' games. Jim was famous for his one hand push shot from the side of the basket. He contributed 184 points to the Little Giants' total of 779. Jim's best game of the year probably was the Harrisonburg game. From the starting whistle to the final gun, Jim was fighting all the way and never gave up. Jim will be missed by the Little Giants next season because of his superb playing. Beardsworth served as game captain in the Lane High game.



Jim Beardsworth, all conference forward of 1945.



Center top—right forward, Kelly; Right top—Center forward, Lafferty; Left top—Left forward, Henderson; Direct under center top—Manager, Wagner; Center right—Right guard, White; Center left—Right guard, Moore.
Center pictures: Center right—Coach, Law; Center left—Mascot, Sgt. Mattingly; Lower right—Left guard, Moyer; Lower left—Center guard, Cooke; Lower center—Ga-ga and Kitty in action.



Literary



Life's First Moment

EMMA JEAN KITE

"Mother, bring me a towel, some soap and a wash cloth, and hurry," I hollered from the top steps to the kitchen where Mom was washing dishes.

"All right, in a minute, and for heaven's sake don't get so excited," was the answer back. She brought everything while I had a fit not being able to find my other slipper.

"Is the bath water ready, and a-a-oh, dear, where is my shoe"? At that time the door bell rang. "What time is it? Oh, it's not 7:30, is it?—It can't be."

I peeked out the window and what did I see but a florist truck. Then I heard, "Dimples, Dimples, flowers and for you! Open them, hurry!"

"Mother, it's an orchid from Jack!" Put it in the icebox, Mother." I hurried upstairs, took my bath, combed my hair, painted my face, and last but not least put on my beautiful white gown (at least I thought it was). It was 7:25 and I had five minutes just to get more excited and nervous.

There it was the door bell; Mother answered. As I heard his voice a tingle went

up my spine. I pinned on my orchid. How beautiful it looked with my gown! We were ready and Mom and Dad watched me as I left, for it was my first dance.

My Vacation Or How To Keep from Growing Old

GEORGE GROVE

It was Sunday night when I was suddenly awakened by a strange voice calling my name. Ouch! Why don't they stuff mattresses with something besides road gravel and stems of rose bushes? Where am I, anyway? Oh! I have it now. I'm on a farm and that is old man Pitts calling me.

"All right," I answered. "Where's the fire? What? It's morning and time to get up"?

I guess you wonder what a fellow from the big city is doing on a farm. Haven't you heard? There's a war on. I'm taking my vacation on the farm for my health and for the quietness of country life. Besides, they claim that there is a shortage of farm laborers. Pitt's son is in the army.

Well, I'd better get up or I might get fired. Then I'd have to spend my vacation in the noise and rush and tear of the beach. I see that they do have a few conveniences out here in this wilderness. There on a table is a washbowl and a cake of soap, and right outside my door there is a pump and bucket.

Yawning, I put on my shoes, just to take them off again. I had my legs crossed and got them on the opposite feet. After splashing some water at my eyes to wake me up (most of which went on my shirt front), I left for the barn.

Pitts met me at the door of the horse stable or some such place. He handed me a thing which he called a curry comb, but it looked more like the thing that I used to get my "hide tanned" with. With this and a

brush I started out to curry or comb and brush the horse's hair. It must be a lady horse or why would they bother to comb it? Wonder if I have to curl it and brush the horses' teeth too? My one instruction was to brush the mane on the right. After watching my weak attempts, Pitts curried the first horse and showed me what the mane was. I don't know why the long hair on their neck is called mane, unless it is because it is on the main part of the horse—the part that holds the head.

Pitts went on to milk and I started on the other horse. Good, here's a good place to start; there's a large mud cake on his shoulder. As I lit into it, the horse let out a scream and closed his mouth on my arm, while a gravel crusher in the shape of a horse's hoof missed my back by 99/100 of an inch, taking the main part of my pants and all of my nerve with it. Just then Pitts yelled, "Watch that sore on its shoulder," Fine time to be telling me that. I'd better watch my life insurance or my widow and fatherless children would be in the poor-house. "Put the harness on".

"Sure".

The so-called harness is a big pile of leather, straps, buckles, rings, etc., with two big sticks at one end.

My book, "Farming for Beginners," said to put the collar on first. That must be that big hoop-like thing. A collar usually goes around the neck; so, I proceeded to slip it over the horse's head and down its neck when a buckle came open and it dropped off. This time I slipped it around his neck and buckled it.

Finally after getting my belt and show strings untangled from the harness, Old man Pitts showed me the right way to put them on.

I'll soon get a rest. All I have to do is to put the harness on the other horse and go to the house.

Easier said than done. For the Old Gray

Mare decided to take an early morning walk. After chasing her around half the United States, I coaxed her in with an apple which I gave her. She thanked me by mashing the big claw on the left hand side of my foundation.

Limping and sweating like a horse, I reached the house to be greeted by Pitts' voice, "Eat a big breakfast. There's a day's work ahead of us."

"Breakfast? Day's work ahead? When does the next bus leave for the city? Good bye, Mr. Pitts. It's been "good" to have known you. I'll write to the draft board and tell them to send your son home. That is if I live. I'm afraid I have cholera or something. What? That's a disease of hogs. Thank goodness, it's not of horses."

Waiting

ELINOR WHITE

I search my heart and fail to find the words
I want to say.

I only know I am alone and wait for you
today.

For many a day I've waited now your lovely
smile to see,

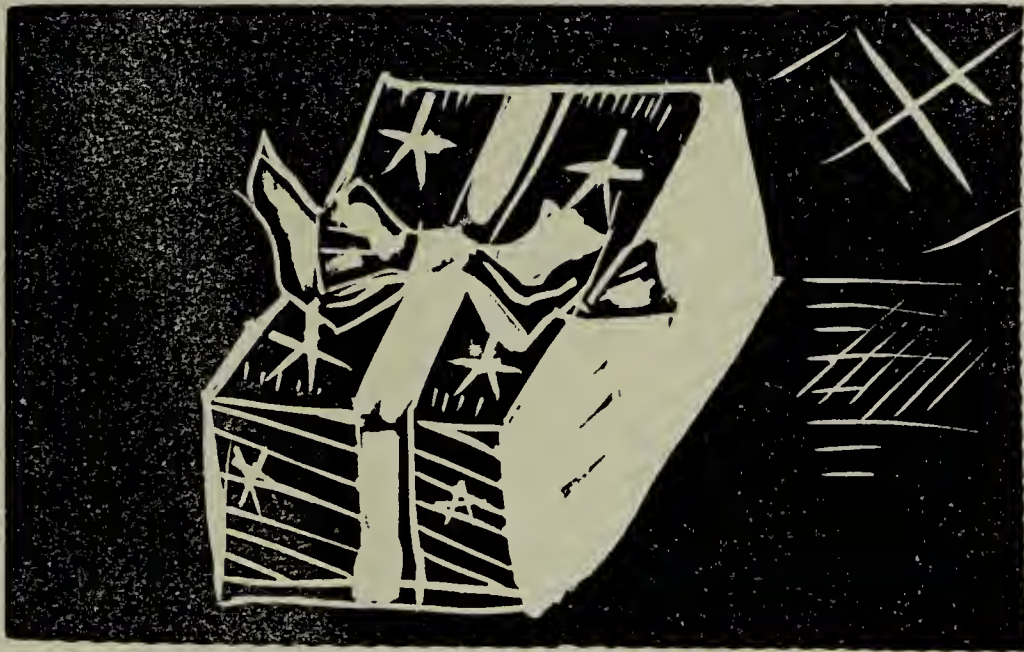
Until I wonder as I wait if you are missing
me.

And then a comfort comes to me; I know
not why or how,

And I know that you still love me, but cannot
come just now.

I know you have a duty, one both honorable
and great,

Forgive my fearful doubting; I am content
to wait.



Christmas Shoppers

CONNIE ELLINGTON

At this season of the year, there are the usual last minute shoppers who want the best and pay the least for gifts to fill 'ole Santa's bag on Christmas Eve. Since I am working in a local department store, we see and put up with all these; but, of course, we must remember that the customer is always right.

This Christmas all the customers seem to want something unusual when we don't even have the usual. I wonder if they know there's a war on.

There's the husband shopping for his wife's gift. He wants something like a night gown.

"Size?"

"Well, let me see, she's about so big."

"Thirty-six?"

"No, not that big, but on second thought maybe so without her girdle". So I struggle to find a nice and, of course, an inexpensive gown that I think would suit his taste.

Here comes my next customer; I wonder what this will bring. "What size shirt do you think will fit my little Hank?"

Taken back quite a bit I answer, "Just how little is your Hank?"

"Well, he's 9 years old, but he is big for his age." (little Hank?)

"This is a ten," I reply. "Does that look about right?"

"Oh, yes, but don't you have any for seventy cents?"

That always comes sooner or later! Finally I locate a shirt, and Hank's mother departs.

Of course, there's the little boy who wants a book for a dime and our cheapest is \$1.29.

My next customer wants a corselette. Not knowing that there is any difference, I give her a girdle size 44. After some confusion and embarrassment I locate the right garment. Sold!

There are also the ones that select their gift and just because we don't have a box, walk off and don't buy it. I sometimes wonder again if they know there's a war.

So goes the life of an employee, trying to aid the public and make a little money on the side. I ask you, "Is it worth it?"

Senior Prophecy

Ladies and gentlemen, in phophetic mood again we bring you your news reporter, sponsored by the Powell Chemical Works, that specializes in modern chemical research. This is our first broadcast in 1965. Now I give you your news reporter with the dope, Willy Craig.

FLASH:

—Sam Preston was rushed to the hospital by the former Daisy Lee Dean and husband this afternoon following an accident on the railroad. Bob White, engineer, lost control of the brakes and ran over the left big toenail of this famous rodman. Attending nurse was Charlotte Cooke. Preston's lawyer for suit is the famous woman attorney, Miss Mary Rose O'Brien.....

—Alvin Cooke just became junior partner in the Haney Pharmacy Co., now to be known as The Haney-Cook Co. Cook's former assistant Lois Steppe, will now become chief Pharmacist in this great company.....

—The distinguished Major Jimmy Reese of the U. S. Army Air Corps is to speak before the students of Knapp's Finishing Schol for Finer Girls this afternoon. Other guests will be Mary Gray Craig, chaperon of the same school, and Mary Etta Cash, the noted psychoanalyst who is also an expert with the Ouija board. Society editor of the "Times," Lucille Moses, will also be present.....

—C. G. Speck, Esq. artist, has just painted Callie Baker, the famous model. She is now home trying to get the paint off.....

—Viola Kelly, only woman sports editor of national renown, reports that Calvin and Rudy Via have retired from the pitching staff of the New York Yankees. It is rumored that part of the Yankee team is going with them to form the New York Rebels.....

I'll be back in a flash.....

—John Henderson, owner of the Waynesboro Cafe, is in the hospital recuperating from injuries inflicted by Ida Almarode, manager of the Southern Restaurant, while trying to steal his chef, Verlie Marion. Head nurse of his case, Helen Waller, says he will be able to walk after about a week more of special care by Elinor White, private nurse.....

—And now, a word from our sponsor....

P. C.-M. B. P. P. C.-M. B. P

Powell's Chemicals—Make Better Products

Powell's Chemicals—Make Better Products

And now back to your news reporter with the dope, Willie Craig—Flash!!

—Leigh Ball, famous Chicago Bear football star, has just resigned to take up job as head football coach at the University of Virginia, replacing Jimmy Leitch. The girls of the University are also to have a new physical education director. She is Betty Ann Hicks, former student at the University.....

—Secretaries Angela Harris, Selda Layton, and Christine Hoy are bringing up law suit against George Barksdale, owner of Barksdale's Moderne Furniture Store, for breach of promise. He is now going with his fourth secretary, Jean Coffey.....

—James Taylor and his assistant photographer, Jake Evans, have been hired by the "Farm Journal" magazine to photograph their cover girl, Mary Alice Kerlin....

—The latest political issue!

—Senator Byrd, (Dem., Va.) claims it's unconstitutional for Socialist Senator Blackwell to be too social with his secretaries, Ellen Moyer and Phyllis Cline.

—Scott Nininger has just signed Jane Layman to sing with his orchestra. She is to make \$1,000 per week, one week a year.....

—Charlene Armentrout's new book, has been bought and published by Cris Coyner, managing editor of the News-Virginian. This is Charlene's first successful book and is entitled "The Last Chance."....

—Louise Sayre has received \$20,000 for her flower farm. The purchaser, Robert Jenkins, who just hired Frank Taylor, chemist, is trying to create sweet smelling ermine. His secretary, Jean Gumm, informed me of this at 2 p.m.....

—Nora Critzer, just married Rhudine Layton and Seretha Taylor. This is legal because Nora Critzer is a preacher and can marry any woman to her man.

—Loula Hanger has just accepted a position as a technician in the laboratory of our sponsor.....

—Kenneth Dunn has just been made manager of the Du Pont "Wreck." His first assignment was to hire Connie Ellington, the burlesque queen. He then proceeded to hire airline hostess, Myrtle Henderson, to take care of the guests, as they sometimes go up in the air over Connie.....

—A new advertisement used by Paul Jones is this: "Does you kitchen sink? If so, see Paul Jones, plumber."

—Haliburton Baylor and Phyllis Showers have accepted position at W. H. S. as industrial arts teacher and dietitian, respectively.

—It has been said that Ruby Wagner reminds us of Vera Vague. This is because *she* is very vague....

—Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us three satisfied housewives. They have been using Powell's Pink Pills for Pooped-out-Persons with Petered-out-Personalities for three years. The former Misses Frances Lafferty, Margaret Hanshaw, and Edith Fitzgerald. Are you girls satisfied with Powell's Products? Thank you very much.

—Dr. Jean Wellington Bratton, world famous baby specialist, has just received a medal for the only doctor in the world to have delivered sextets.....

—Back to your news reporter....

—Ladies and gentlemen, your news reporter has just heard that after 20 years of waiting for advancement, Pfc. C. J. Beardsworth was just busted to buck private for asking Sgt. Thomas Vicars, "Does your side walk?"

—And that completes our program till next year at this same time.



Gardez Votre Foi

LILY A. MCGANN

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Don't let him die!" These words came harshly between the set teeth of the heavily-bearded sailor. "A soul like that has no right to death." The tender words had a queer ethereal sound in that bloody hell on earth; they were as out of place as Golden Gates opening to disclose the steps that lead to Hades.

A young sailor lay twisted and torn on a deck speckled with the bodies of his comrades who had preceded him in the descent to death. The older man's voice broke as he spoke his first message to God, "Don't let him die!" How ironical those words sounded in this war torn atmosphere of hate where men are as daggers on an unbroken course to the heart of another mortal.

With a sob, he stopped to gather the inert form of his friend into his arms. A moment later he disappeared below deck. The guns continued to roar. Minutes seemed to drag as slowly as the moon in its course through the heavens—and all the while he continued to hear the words that had grown so very old in such a short while. "He's dead, of course! He'll never live again. He's dead, of course! He'll never live again." The words beat a weird, savage tattoo on the benumbed brain of a man who had previously looked at the world through steel-rimmed spectacles. An empty, hollow laugh resounded in the deadly silence of his heart as he remembered those words. His own words! "There is no such thing as love, hate, and human emotions." The love he felt for the dying man! The hate he felt for the men responsible! These emotions choked him as he bent to catch the words of a man who was speaking his last.

A strange light was in the young sailor's eyes as he whispered, "Gardez Votre Foi—tell her, Gardez Votre—" the words broke off as he offered his soul to his creator with

the half-human, half-beast cry of the lost. The older man crumpled to the floor. "Oh, no! Dear God, he cannot die! no, no—!"

With tears in my throat aching to be released, I forced my mind away from the soul-killing scene that had occupied the chambers of my mind for so long. The very earth seemed to cry, and the winds wailed an ancient death song, replacing the lullaby that had been mine so many worlds ago. Again I could see that tired, beaten old sea man standing on my porch, nervously fingering an already crumpled sailor's hat. His faded old eyes were fathoms deep as he struggled to soften the blow that must inevitably be dealt. Again I heard his voice soften as he spoke those words, "Gardez Votre Foi, love."

I caught my breath on a sob. My knees shook as I rose from the porch chair. Casting my pebble on the lurid pool of memory, I whispered, "Gardez Votre Foi, love. Oh, keep your faith!"

My Favorite Sport

SAM PRESTON

It was one cold morning in the month of December that I was awakened by an unusually cold gust of wind. The morning was cold and crisp. As I looked out of the window, I could see sparkling and glistening icicles hanging from all of the trees and houses. My heart was in my throat. I was so nervous that I could hardly dress as visions of the river with a smooth, clear, and glossy coat of ice all over it came into my mind. I was dressed and down stairs in the kitchen getting something to eat in no time flat. The foot went down in a few gulps (if not less), and I was on my way with high hopes of seeing what I had visioned.

On the way out I met a couple of the boys who were just about as anxious to get there as I was; so, we all three headed for the river. We rounded the bend, and there it was in all of its glory spread out as far as

eye could see and even clearer and smoother than I had expected. My heart was in my mouth as I stepped out on the ice to test it for thickness. Then the big moment came when I found it was all right. My shoe strings seemed to be so messed up that I thought I could never get my skates tied. Then as I glided out over the ice, a smile came over my face. I knew that there was no other sport that could equal this one.

Just Another Day

EVELYN ARNOLD

"Ebby! Ebby! get up," my sister is saying and she closes the door. I lie there under the warm covers dreading the ordeal of the day. I finally throw the covers back, put on my robe and slippers, and drag to the bathroom to wash my face and closed eyes.

Then I slowly clomp, clomp down the steps to breakfast table and mumble to my mother for a glass of orange juice.

After I have had this and have talked to everybody, I am awake. I go back upstairs, brush my teeth, and debate what I'm going to wear after I have asked my sister's opinion. After debating awhile longer, I drag out something.

I start dressing. When I am about half-way through, my girl friend comes. I have to stop to tell her something that happened after I left her the day before. Then I resume my dressing talking the whole time.

Now, I'm finally ready. When I go down stairs to put my wraps on, I can't find my gloves. Oh! there they are with my scarf in my drawer, where I had never thought of looking because that was the most logical place.

Now I am ready to leave. I am out the door and my mother calls me, "Evelyn, have you got your lunch money?" Of course, I haven't. She gives it to me and we are off.

By now we have thought of something else to chat about, and that continues all the way to school.

We are finally there. We go to our lockers,

take off our coats and gloves, leaving our scarfs on. We get out our combs and go upstairs to comb our hair. We barely get started when the bell rings. We rush through, run downstairs to our homeroom, arriving just in time.

We all settle in the back of the typing room around a table, discuss past and future events, and indulge in some more gossip. The bell rings for classes.

Another day has started.

First Date

GLORIA HICKS

Scented bath
Lilac smell
Puff in powder
Digs a well.

Much used lipstick
Comb and brush
Rouge and perfume
In a rush.

Dating dress
Cleaned and pressed
Of a sudden
I am dressed.

Downstairs hurry
Is he here?
I'm not ready
Tell the dear.

Shall we leave?
Here we go
For a sundae
And a show.

Gary Cooper,
Could I fall
For that one
Guy out of all?

Ten forty-five
Getting late
What a pleasure
My first date!



A German's Diary

CHARLES CAMPBELL

Late Fall of 1939

Today we entered a small French village. It is a beautiful little village. It will make a good place for the people of my country to live.

Reinforcements are being brought to the front, and we will rest here for a few days. I shall be happy when our soldiers drive the French from the land that should be ruled by the master race. The French are not fit to rule such a nice and rich land.

One of my men found a wine cellar and we will take food from the villagers for a celebration. *Heil, Hitler!*

Next Day

It was a wonderful party. Everyone was happy, even the French women.

Last night I slept in a nice warm bed. For supper I had six eggs and plenty of meat and butter. Even at home we didn't get such wonderful food. We will take it all from such weaklings. We will conquer the world. *Heil, Hitler!*

Summer of 1944

June 6

Today the Americans invaded Normandy. I hate them as much as the Feuhrer says we

should. They will be driven into the sea by tomorrow. *Heil, Hitler!*

June 7

Where is the Luftwaffe? The Americans have pushed us back still further. We might not stop them. *Heil, Hitler!*

June 18

I have not had time to keep up my diary. I have not eaten in four days. I have been reduced in rank to a lieutenant because I retreated my company. Half of my company is dead. But I still do my duty as a soldier of the Fatherland. *Heil, Hitler!*

June 19

I killed my first American today. There were three of them in a shell hole eating chocolate. I got all three of them. I ate the chocolate. It was wonderful. They were just the average boys. One of them had a picture of his wife and two children with him. His family will be sorry to hear about this. One had a letter to his sweetheart. They were to be married when the war is over. I have a sweetheart, too. What if I should get killed? And the other one had a letter to his mother. To find her son dead will break her heart. What if I should get killed? It would break my mother's heart, too. I am sorry I killed

those boys. They have something to fight for. But what am I fighting for?

Many of our men are surrendering. We are being beaten for the first time.

June 20

It's terrible out there today. I was horrified at the number of dead and wounded. What is the use of all this killing? I wish it was all over so everyone except Hitler could live in peace. I think I will surrender; I will never have to fight again.

I am wounded. One of my men shot me as I went to surrender. Two American soldiers found me and eased the pain, but I know it is the end. May the Allies free Germany of the barbarians that have conquered her.

Off In A Flying Start

CRIS COYNER

Clang! Clang! Clang! I jumped a foot! That wasn't the trolley! It was my alarm clock annoyingly informing me that 7:30 had made its appearance once more. In a semiconscious state I raised my arm to a position slightly above the clock. With all the strength I could muster I whammed down upon it. The noise subsided and the dark chilly atmosphere persuaded me to linger in the nice, warm haven just a few minutes longer. This was only temporary though, for out of the deep silence it came again. Clang! Clang! Clang! It was my sister's alarm which we used for protection against this very thing I was engaged in. As this noise calmed, I heard someone's feet hit the floor but suspected they were not mine. This was confirmed when I abruptly came into contact with the climate of the north pole. As I was recovering from the shock, I realized Sis had just removed my winter protection and there I lay exposed in my brief pajamas.

The fact was announced in firm words that I had exactly fifteen minutes in which to dress in order to catch my ride to school. Knowing my time limit in this matter, I quickly, but involuntarily, changed my bodily position from that of horizontal to vertical.

My first task was to clean my bridge-work; so, off I scooted to the bathroom. I grabbed my toothbrush, squirted some paste on it, and jammed it into my mouth. But all was not well. The paste proved to be shaving cream and hardly tasted like Colgate's. With a quick correction I proceeded to brush my teeth and then wash my face.

Upon arriving back in the bathroom, I found I had exactly five minutes to go and I had about a million things to do; so everything was on the double. I discovered, first of all, that Sis had on the very skirt and sweater I had planned to wear; there was nothing to do but rummage through the closet and find something else. This morning, of all mornings, I found that every skirt I owned was in sad need of pressing. I finally decided it didn't make much difference any way; so, I shut my eyes and reached for one. With much ado I put it on. The hem was dropping in several places but could be fixed with pins which, by the way, took time to find.

My choice of sweaters was determined by the one closest to me. I managed to salvage a pair of socks from the dresser drawer. This done I sat down in front of the mirror, but at the same time I glanced at the clock. Now my time was limited to two minutes. Instead of combing my hair, I put on a scarf with a remark that that could be done at school.

Then Sis, who always dresses in half the time I do, yelled up the stairs and said our ride was there. I scrambled to my feet, raced down the stairs, and began frantically to collect my books and slide into my coat. I fairly flew out the front door and down the hill making a perfect three-point landing. I climbed into the car with a sigh of relief and looked forward to a peaceful day at school.

Infatuation

FRANCES HUMPHRIES

Having reached the matured age of seven years, I decided that it was time to find myself a boy friend. I was only in the third grade, and the boy friend I wanted sat right down the aisle from me. He had the prettiest blue eyes, but they never looked my way. He had freckles and blond hair. This was Scott. He used to bring the teacher an apple or some violets everyday. This made me quite jealous, and I began to hate my teacher. The first thing I decided to do was to make her jealous. Assuming that this was the only way to do it, I boldly told Miss Wheeler that she had no right to try to steal my boy friend. I told her if she didn't leave my Scott alone, I would get my mother to take her fiance away from her. She laughed at me and said she would leave him alone.

The next day during reading class, we were reading aloud the story of "The Sleeping Beauty." I told all the girls in my class that I was the princess and Scott was the prince that kissed me, I told them that if I were dead and he should kiss me, I would wake up and never die again. Scott found out this and since that day he has never spoken to me again. I thought surely I would die, but I got over it.

The next time I fell in love, I was twelve years old. The boy I was in love with was twenty-one years old. I thought he was the most wonderful thing that ever existed. He had dark hair, all my girl friends said that he put lard in it, but I thought it was beautiful. I had seen him many times before I met him. Here is how I became his acquaintance. I invited him over to see our new puppies. He thought they were cute. I didn't want him to leave yet so I gave him grapes. After that I made him play croquet with me. About seven o'clock that night he left. I invited him back, naturally. After about two weeks he still hadn't come back, not even

to see the puppies. Then I decided maybe if I found a kitty that was going to have kittens, Bill would come back again to see them. I couldn't find a kitty anywhere.

Then one afternoon when Bill came home from work, he treated me very coolly. This hurt my feelings very much. I decided that I would commit suicide. I was going to jump off the high sun porch at the back of my house. Evelyn, my girl friend, was with me. I told her to tell Bill that if I died that I had died for him. Hence, she told me to hurry up and jump because she wanted to talk to him. Well, I jumped—nothing happened. Second time—nothing happened. This time I was very tired. I climbed back up to the high porch and proceeded to make my third jump. I was not going to stop jumping until I was dead. At least I thought that I would not. I jumped and fell right on my nose! I knew very well I didn't want to die for him.

Then I decided I would write to him. I wrote him a very gummy letter, telling him I didn't want to set the world on fire but only to start a flame in his heart. Writing that letter was the most disgusting thing that I could have done. After a while Bill went to the Navy and I forgot all about him.

Now that all of that kind of flirtation is over, I am waiting for the test of time to do away with all my infatuations; and then maybe I will find the real thing.

Woe Is Me

PEG FRED

Oh, woe is me. Of course, Miss Bush, I realize that "is" is a part of the verb to be, and it never takes an object, and that it ought to be "I," so I'll start again.

Oh, woe is I. I'm so unhappy. I consider themes mankind's worst curse. Who on earth ever invented a theme, anyway? I'll bet it was a sour old school teacher with horn-

rimmed glasses and, of course, dyed hair. Thrown in for good measure, there were probably some rimmed specks, a hooked nose, false teeth long drooping black dresses about ten years old. Boy, she must have been a humdinger! Of course, she would teach nothing but English, so no one could possibly escape having her at least once. Naturally every child who has ever had the misfortune of walking into her presence has been proclaimed by this monstrosity to be notorious for some incredible and forgiving crime; such as, running in the halls, breaking in the lunch line, or horrors of all horrors, actually walking down the steps at noon in front of the teacher. Who on earth could imagine a child of high school age committing such a sin! Oh, well, that's part of youth, doing something wrong just for the satisfaction of being able to get away with it. But you can't expect a teacher, especially my invention of one to be that lenient. Heavens no! That would be too much like fun.

Well, they say life is one big struggle, so I suppose we'll have to learn to put up with such nightmares as teachers and themes. But the learning part is what's killing me. Oh, woe is me.

Just Sit and Endure It

LARUE NIEDENTHOL

I'm a person that gets great enjoyment out of going to a good movie. That is if the environment is to my liking. Some people are inexcusable "movie pests". I will name some types of these "pests".

First, the one I dislike most is the "pest" that flops down in front of me and fails to take off her bigger-than-a-dishpan hat. This, of course, is topped by a feather or plumes or whatever-have-you to add to my misery. I feel like taking a pair of shears and cutting the whole top of the hat off. But I just sit and endure it.

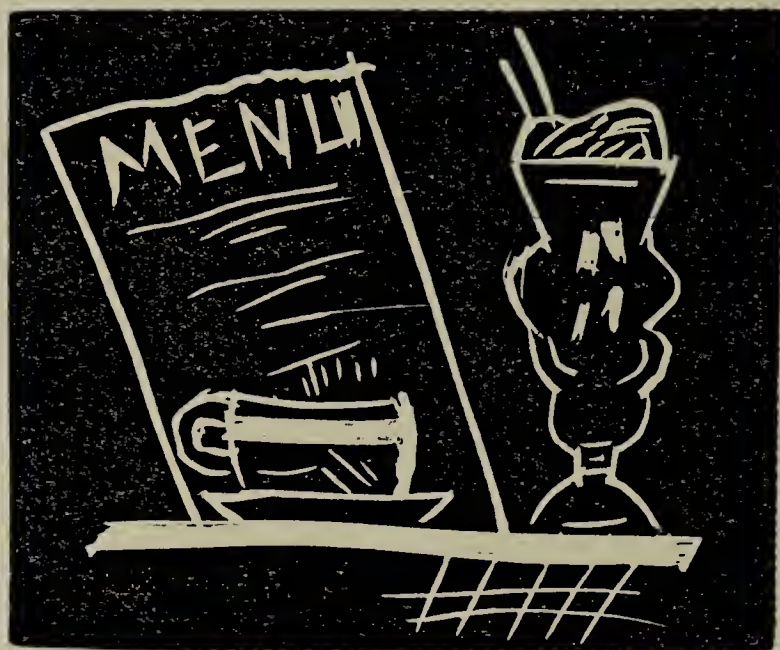
Next, comes the man that has no pity on poor me and buys a bag of potato chips or peanuts in the shell. Then he proceeds to crack the bag and the peanut shells with the least amount of care. To a nervous person this sounds just like a house falling down or, worse still, an earthquake. I felt like getting up and not only smashing the peanuts over his face but filling his mouth with them as well. But I just sit and endure it.

Then, it never fails; there are the restless people that can never "stay put" in one seat. They have tried every seat in the theater before the movie is over; but not with success. I should like to take a log chain and chain them down to the seat so that they will stay rooted, but I just sit and endure it.

For the person that takes great pleasure in telling, in which is definitely not a low voice, another person just what is going to happen next on the screen, I should like to take the greatest width of adhesive tape and paste his mouth shut. But I just sit and endure it.

Of course, there is the person, usually a small child, that just loves to kick the back of my seat, especially when he is excited over a cowboy picture. Then there is the child that sits in front of me and "pops" up every minute because he can't see-ee. The long-legged, lanky kind positively has to stick his feet in the aisle so that I can trip over them in the dark. There is the kind that waits until he sits down to take off his wraps—that's when I get punched in the ribs.

There are numerous other "movie pests" which I could mention, but it would take too much paper and too many words. I've even run out of ideas for punishment for the last few. And I've given up every hope of ever sitting through a movie without an interruption from one of these "movie pests". But that's life for you, and I suppose I'll just have to sit and endure it!



Excitement + Excitement = Embarrassment

"Miss, would you wait on me?"

"Gee! Could you hurry, I have to catch the bus?"

"If you don't mind, please hurry. I have to be back to work in three minutes."

"Waitress! ! ! Could I have my check?"

"B-l-o-n-d-i-e! How about some service?"

"H-e-y, Myrt, you wouldn't let me starve, would you?"

By these remarks you have no doubt concluded that I am a waitress at a busy restaurant.

At this moment I am approaching a table with three handsome soldiers, but this is nothing unusual now, for I have gotten used to good-looking soldiers popping up after my spilling coffee down the front of my uniform and being too busy to renew any make-up for at least fifteen minutes. Now I am at the table. The boys want only drinks; so that means they would be there for only a few minutes. Let me see the one with dark hair and eyes (gee! he's cute. I bet he's a Greek) wants a cup of hot tea; the sorta ugly one with glasses wants coffee. The one that looks a little old wants a chocolate soda. That's all.

I have only six other orders, but this is the shortest; so I'll go and serve it first. I grab a tea ball and reach for a cup—only finding the shelf empty. So then I grab a tray and start for the kitchen, but some

people deciding to leave are taking up all the spaces in the aisle to put on their wraps. At last I am there and back with a whiz! It was such a whiz I heard someone remark as I whizzed by, "There goes a P-38," Now I have a cup and a tea ball, but I have to journey back to the kitchen for a tray of saucers. Okay! I am all set. I turn the hot water on and I'll have the tea all ready to serve. Oh! my back! There's not a drop of hot water. But here comes Mr. G. to the rescue. He puts on some water while I am serving the soda and coffee.

Meantime my other customers are doing everything under the sun to get my attention. But it wouldn't be fair to recognize one and not the other—so I ignore them all and continue serving the soldiers.

Gee! Whiz! did you see the look on that guy's face when I set the soda down —And look at the one looking at his coffee! ! By the way, what is that little tag doing swinging down that coffee cup? Yes! I hate to admit it, but I have served that Romeo's coffee with a tea ball. But what's wrong with the soda? Not really? Well, I am terribly sorry, but I was sure you said chocolate soda instead of chocolate sundae—Yet again this is nothing unusual; it is part of my daily routine. It is exciting—sometimes embarrassing! If you would like to join me, call 73 (Southern Restaurant).

History

September 1941—That's the year the class of 1945 entered high school. Upon arriving in high school—in a very good state of mind—we soon found that we were definitely under classmen. The freshmen weren't the privileged characters, but that didn't bother us. Bow-ribbons, pants rolled up to the knees, and bewildered expressions were prevalent among the fashions worn by the freshmen. Pigtailed and skiballs were our favorite coiffures. As all freshmen are, we were very optimistic, cocky, and inclined to believe we could lick the world. Our freshmen year was a very eventful one. About one-fourth of the Choral Club were freshmen. This group climaxed a year of work by taking part in the baccalaureate and commencement exercises. A few members of the class were represented on the Jr. News-Virginian Staff, the weekly school publication in the local paper. The Freshmen Dramatic Club gave several performances—two of which were "Wildcat Willy" and "Ring and the Look." One day of this year that will be especially remembered by our class was the day that the Torch-Y Club held its annual initiation. The town was shocked in general by the freshmen girls who sallied forth barefooted and wearing very short skirts. As for the sports item, many freshmen made the Junior Varsity teams. Some were members of the Student Council, Social Committee and the Assembly Committee.

September 1942—And then we were Sophomores! Such complete joy! By now we really had a name—wise fools. During this year we began our march toward great success. Why, all around us sat famous doctors, professors, governors, lawyers—perhaps even presidents—undiscovered as yet, but quite likely to be there. Our class was one having great ambitions. This year many of us ventured out for the first time since our freshmen days of preparation. In the sports line the sophomores were well represented.

Many of the class again contributed to the publication of the "Jr. News-Virginian." A Victory Corps was organized and a large number of membership were sophomores. It was satisfying year and we looked forward to 1943 with eagerness.

September 1943—Juniors! This was the year some of our classmates became star players in leading sports. In the various public activities sponsored by the clubs, we were again honored by the selection of juniors to fill roles in plays—two such performances were "Boarding House" and "Cottonland Minstrel". This year the publishing of the "Jr. News-Virginian" was discontinued, much to the disappointment of many persons who were especially interested in journalism. Again our class was well represented in the Choral Club, Student Council, and in all sports. We became an entertaining group, too. Our activities for the year reached a climax when the juniors gave the junior-senior banquet, featuring a guest speaker, student speakers, good food, and plenty of good entertainment.

September 1944—Did someone say seniors? It didn't seem possible, but it was true. Dignified? No, we are really just freshmen minus the pigtails. Many of this year's "crack" players have gleaned from among us, football, boys' and girls' basketball, and all the rest. Our activities for the year have included a play—the Varsity Show featuring displays of Waynesboro High's favorite talent—the annual, and finally the crowning achievement of graduation. As seniors, we want to pay tribute to boys that have left our class during these four years to join those already serving our country in the armed forces—Jim Lafferty, Sonny Hartbarger, Rudolph Wright, Frank Courtney, Bill Meetur, and Therman Matheny. To these we wish the best of luck in the future. During the past four years we have gathered new knowledge, made many friends, and

gathered memories which will long be remembered by all of us. We will forever be thankful to Waynesboro High in general, and to the faculty in particular.

This has been the history of the class of 1945

A Nerve Racking Experience

BETTY ANN HICKS

Nervous? Kid, I was scared stiff. I was like the ball player before the big game. I was so shaky, I just couldn't get my hands to cooperate, and I guess that was the reason that everything else went wrong.

No matter what sound reached my ears, I imagined it was a knock at our front door. That knock, Oh! that perilous knock was the turning point of my life. When, and if, it came, my entire life would be changed; it was almost like a transformation.

The knock; at last, it came. The sound wasn't, as it should have been, music to my ears, but like the toll of the death bell. Suddenly I lost all my courage, which I admit wasn't much to begin with. I sank heavily into the first chair I could reach. I found myself taking big gulps of breath; no matter how hard I tried I couldn't breathe smoothly or even quietly. Cheer up, old girl, your first date won't be that bad. I tried to comfort myself with these thoughts, but to no avail. At last, I courageously walked into the room where he was waiting. Gosh, he certainly didn't look as cute as he had when I gave him the date, and most of all, he didn't look the least bit scared.

Later, I only hoped I had put on as good an act as he had because he told me he had been so scared that he had walked around the block three times before venturing the knock at the door.

First dates aren't so bad—no, not after you get used to them.

The Day of Days

LOULA HANGER

It was the day of a great event for us children. Earlier than usual we had jumped out of our beds and had run to the window to see if it was raining or if the day was to be fair as the weatherman had predicted. After looking and finding only a few white, fleecy clouds as a background of icy blue sky, we decided that the day was going to be wonderful. The air was crisp and cold. It was the kind that made what we called "smoke" when we blew our breath upon it. The sun was shining bright above our heads. Yes, the day looked as if it were just what the doctor had ordered.

Already sounds rose from the kitchen below. These sounds suggested the preparation of breakfast. Almost before we could bat an eyelid, Mother was calling up the stairs, "Hurry, children, get out of your pajamas and into some clothes and don't forget to wash your face and hands. Breakfast is almost ready."

We did not need to be told that, for we could smell for ourselves the odors of bacon, eggs, and boiling coffee, although for us it would be hot chocolate. As for hurrying, well most of the time we finished in such a hurry that our faces and hands were conveniently forgotten. This morning, however, we did everything just right, for today was a very special day in the year.

Soon breakfast was finished and we were being dressed all over again; this time more carefully and in our Sunday best. We were all bundled into the car and, finally, we set off. We had only a short distance to go, but we were so impatient that it seemed as if it were miles and miles. Someone started to count the cows in the meadows as we drove past them. Often when we went for drives, we played a game. One of us would count all the cows on one side of the road, and another would count those on the other side. The object of this game was to see who could get and keep the greater number of cows.

Today, this game soon lost its zest. Fortunately for us, only a short distance remained to go.

Our arrival was well announced. With the dogs barking at our heels and squeals of delight from all of us, we ran from the car to meet Grandmother and Grandfather, our aunts and uncles and, of course, our cousins. There were ten children including us. James, a year older than I, William, Ann, Judy, John, Billy and Virginia.

We hardly waited to say hello to everyone before we slipped away to play. We ran about everywhere looking into the barn, climbing to the hay loft and finally running into the house at the calls of our mothers.

On Thanksgiving, the day of days, dinner is the main event. When we were called to eat, no time was wasted in getting there. Grandfather always gave thanks before we ate. As children, we sat impatiently waiting for him to finish. With the appetite we had worked up while playing and with the wonderful dishes that Grandmother had spent hours preparing, almost anyone would want to begin eating. One of Grandmother's typical Thanksgiving dinners would consist of such dishes as roast turkey with stuffing, sliced ham, scalloped oysters, giblet gravy, corn souffle, fluffy mashed potatoes, lima beans, spiced-apple and grapefruit salad, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie with maple meringue, corn muffins and rolls. To top this off she prepared for us peppermint ice cream with pecan cake.

After dinner all of us retired to the living room. Grandfather gathered all of his grandchildren around him and told us stories. Soon it was time for us to go home. Reluctantly, we said good-by and drove home, tired but happy.

I am sure that memories which will linger near even when I am a very old woman will have among them those of the hours I spent at Grandmother's on Thanksgiving Day.

The Day of Book Reports

LARUE NIEDENTHOL

"I think this is a very interesting book and I'm sure everyone in the class will thoroughly enjoy it as I have." With these words the girl in front of the class was unconsciously spelling my doom.

In the back of my mind a little voice was whispering, "It's your turn next, your turn next, your turn next." Feverishly, I scanned the open pages of the book before me. "I must not forget my own opinion of the book," I thought numbly.

Suddenly, my English teacher was saying, "Larue, you may be next."

I tore my eyes from the book and looked up. Everyone was turning in his seat to look at me. Somewhere in the room I heard a nervous giggle. "I'm sure they are laughing at the scared look on my face," I thought. Everybody could see me plainly from where I sat in the back of the room. Shaking all over, knees feeling weak, I rose from my desk and started to the front of the room. My face was hot and flushed; and my hands, cold and clammy. After what seemed ages of walking, I finally reached the front. I glanced over a sea of up-turned faces; some wearing a false smile to hide their lack of confidence; others looking grim and frowning; and a few looking triumphant. The latter were the ones who had given their reports.

I gritted my teeth and opened my mouth to speak. No words came out! I tried again; my face turned a shade redder as a snicker or two came to my ears. This time something like this came out, "M-M-My book is *Daniel Boone* and the author is P. Key-Gulp!" My voice sounded unreal and much too loud in my ears. But the first sentence was out, and surprisingly enough it gave me confidence to continue. With this confidence to continue, I finished my report. "Well," I thought, "that wasn't so bad after all!" I walked proudly back to my desk."

I Do Believe

MARY ANN TRIESHMANN

Martha Halloway's large hands were making short work of a pile of sadly abused little boy's clothes. Pleasantly conscious of a disagreeable task nearly finished, she opened her lips to sing a little tune——. Suddenly the song was gone.

Slightly irritated, she strove to recall it. But her mind absolutely refused to function.

In place of the tune that had been running in her head was a feeling that she was needed. If anyone needed her, he would call. But the feeling was not one to dismiss lightly. She tried to go on with her work, but even her fingers moved reluctantly.

Annoyed at something she didn't understand, she tried to remember an unfinished task that might be on her mind. That too, she defeated.

Then the silence became oppressive. Like all mothers, she was more accustomed to listening for silence than noise. She had been completely absorbed in her task, she couldn't recall when she had last heard a sound. It seemed like years, when she tried to remember.

Knowing that her mother had no patience with anything that anything was psychic, she tried to hide what she was beginning to feel when she called, "Mother! Oh, Mother! Have you heard the children lately?"

Very sensitive to all her daughter's moods since she had lost her husband, Martha's mother knew immediately that she was upset about something. She answered at once, "No, Martha. But can't the child play with other children without your watching him? He's nearly seven—plenty old enough to take care of himself."

Still not caring to explain her strange feeling to her mother, she came into the kitchen, answering, "Of course. I know I should let him alone. I heard that spoiled

boy of Mrs. Herrick's tease him about being a mama's boy. I try, Mother, honestly I do. But if anything should happen to him too—Well, he's all I have to live for now."

"Please, Martha! Don't start that again! You are letting grief poison your whole life. You must make yourself believe that his father would rather be dead than tied to a wheelchair."

"I'd have loved caring for him."

"But he wouldn't have loved having you."

"I suppose not."

"I know not. And while we are on the subject, you mustn't let little Ward be all you have to live for. It isn't right. Life itself is enough to live for."

"That's sentimental stuff! I was only telling the truth. If you'd rather I wouldn't, I'll pretend that I love sponging on you and Dad and that I'd be delighted to have nothing to live for but three square meals a day—"

"Martha! Please!"

"O. K., Mother. Sorry."

She wished heartily that she had told her mother at once how she really felt. It would have saved renewing her agony that had only recently become bearable.

The two women worked busily for a few minutes.

The brow of the younger was dark with unhappiness and with a growing expression of something more than unhappiness. It could scarcely have been called fear, yet that word comes nearest to describing it.

At last she could stand it no longer. She burst out, "Mother, did you *see* where the children went?"

"Oh, Martha, for heaven's sake!"

"I can't help it!" She cried. "Where did they go?"

"Down to Camp's pasture," crossly. "Can you think of a place more harmless?"

"It isn't that. I just feel that I *must* see him. Please, Mother, try to undersand."

Martha hurried to the front porch and looked down the dusty, quiet little street that ended at the pasture. She could see four

children huddled down in an old, abandoned car. They had their heads together and seemed very interested in what they were doing. They looked contented enough—and certainly safe.

Smiling guiltily, she turned to go back in the house.

Before her hand had touched the knob, the same feeling swept over her. It was disgusting, but she just couldn't help it!

"Well", she thought, "I'll call him and give him some cookies to take back to the boys. He won't mind coming for that."

Feeling less guilty, she called, "Wardie!"

No answer . . . She knew he could hear her.

"Ward!"

Still no answer.

For an instant the blood surged angrily to her face. Then a panic that nothing could still swept her from head to foot.

"Ward Halloway, Jr.!" she fairly screamed. "Come home this instant!"

"Gosh, guys, she means business. I gotta go."

"Aw for Pete's sake! Ain't you never going to tell her you don't have to mind? I told my mom, and she never did a thing!"

"I can't, Chuck. You don't know my mom. She's swell to me, but I can't sass."

"It was swell of her to give you this old stuff of your dad's. We ain't had so much fun for a long time. Hurry and finish string-in' them, Jim."

Martha had started down the street. Her knees shook so she could hardly stand.

With a hasty promise to return, her son hurried to see what she wanted.

"Why didn't you come when I called, son?"

"Aw, Mom, I was playing."

"What were you playing that was so important that you couldn't come when Mother called?" Martha stalled. Anything to keep him near her until this ridiculous feeling ceased.

"I gotta hurry—but I'll tell you."

Her mind had already passed from what

he had been doing to what a comfort he was to her. A lifetime wasn't going to be long to watch him grow. She wanted to do something noble, self-sacrificing for him and could, for the moment, think of nothing better than, "Would you like some cookies for the boys?"

"Gee, yeah!"

"Chocolate or ginger-snaps?"

"Mother!" called Martha. "Please bring the boys some ginger cookies."

"Guys!" shrilled Ward. "Cookies!"

They began to pile out of the car, the Herrick boy last as a final contempt of even that kind of order.

Just as her mother stepped on the porch, exactly coinciding with the slamming of the screen door—

"Bang! !!" Like the slamming of a thousand screen doors. There was a noise that rattled the windows, and hurt her ears until she threw up her hands to cover them, scattering cookies all over the porch.

Martha clutched her small son to her.

He struggled to get away to see what had happened.

"Oh, son, what is it?"

"Let me see?" he screamed.

"Eddie said not to slam the door on them or nothing, or we'd all be dead. He said the little thing in Dad's box were dynamite caps. We were playing clearin' fields."

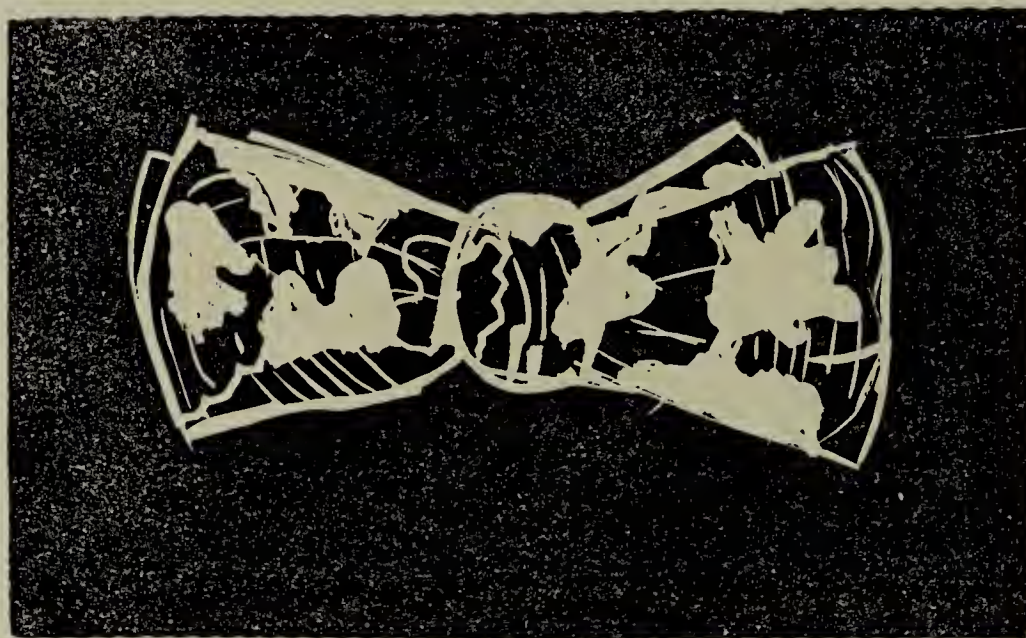
Martha's eyes flew to her mother's; their gaze held.

With an almost exalted expression Martha said slowly in her clear, sweet voice, "That box held the tools his father was using when he was killed. I wanted him to remember his father. I gave it to him this morning to play with."

"Oh, Mother, I'm not raising him alone! His father knew he was in danger and warned me!"

Her mother began, "If you choose to believe such—"

"I do believe."



My First Date

JOHN HENDERSON

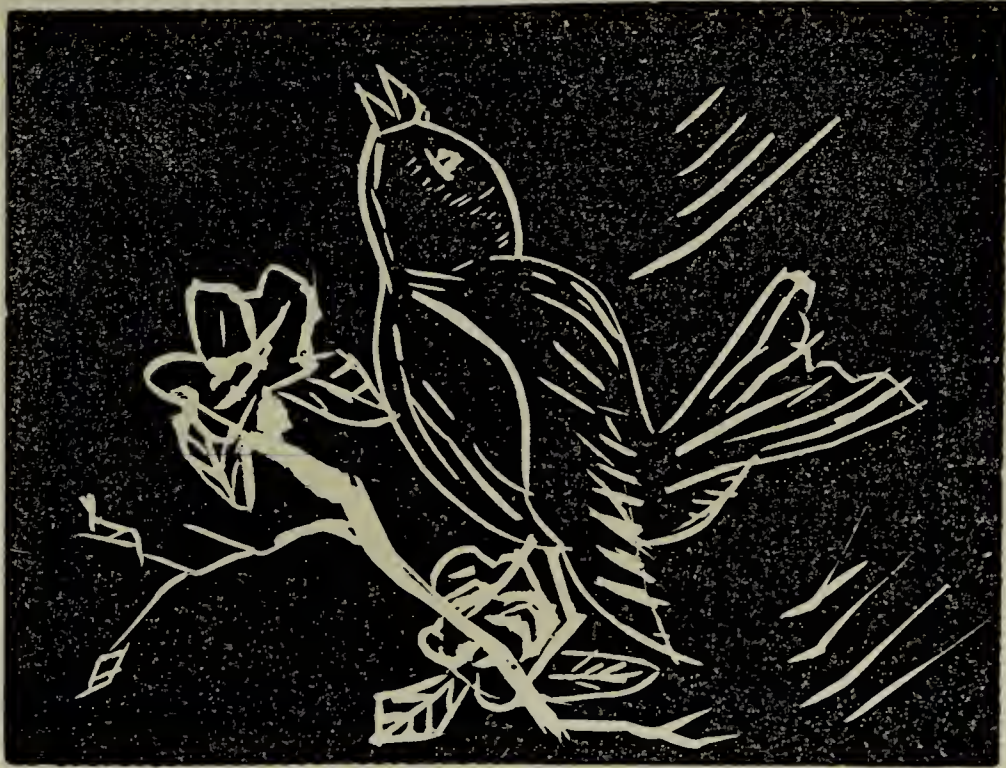
I was becoming a sixth grader at the very tender age of eleven. I went to school by force of habit and especially on this certain Friday. I might as well have stayed at home on that day because I had a date the coming night and what work I did wouldn't fill an abscessed molar. I, a man of my age on his first date, felt alive in myself.

We finished school at 2:30; but as far as I was concerned, I had finished when I got there. I left school and went down to buy myself a new tie—my first tie. Then I went home and rested for a while, for I felt sure that I would need it for the oncoming night. I got up and dressed, but when I was putting my shoes on, I felt a sharp pain in my right side. Well, for the life I was going to have tonight, I could forget that, but I didn't.

Finally, the clock said 8 p.m. As I bent

down to the phone to call up my, as you say, date, the pain hit me again. This time I couldn't come up for air. I hit the floor, the phone hit me, and the phone book hit the phone. I was out, very much so. The next thing I knew, or thought I knew, was that the doctor was operating on the spot. It felt like a screw driver going through my abdomen. I found out later it was only his tiny thumbs tenderly tapping my right side for appendicitis. So what do we do next? We take a little cruise out to the Community Hospital. Later I found out I had appendicitis.

When I was finally well enough for someone to see me, who came walking in but the spring chicken with whom I had the date. There was but one thing to do and I did it—I fainted. I made up my mind no more dates until I got a physical and mental check-up.



Thought

LEORA KNAPP

Can someone tell me of this thing I've
sought?

Can't you just merely say
Or is it in saying that you could tell
The way—and the manner of thought?

I think that now I am thinking,
Just writing in this way
How casual might it come!
Oh! how long does it stay?

It's something spontaneous—I think.
You see I did just then.
But how long at will —I am not still.
And what did I think just then?

I think you had something to tell me,
What is it? And what is it that you and I
have sought?
Don't tell me you've forgotten the manner
of thought!

It comes, they say, as quickly as it goes.
But who brings it? Who takes it?
We are not taught.
From where does it come and where does it
go—your thought?



Cigarette Smokers In General

JAMES REESE

Did you ever work in a grocery store during a cigarette shortage? If you ever did or do now, my aching back pains deeply for you. As you probably know, cigarettes, like any other hard-to-get item, have to be put on sale at certain times. By doing this the limited supply is fairly distributed. If you didn't do this, the few lucky, unoccupied creatures of various types would get the entire amount.

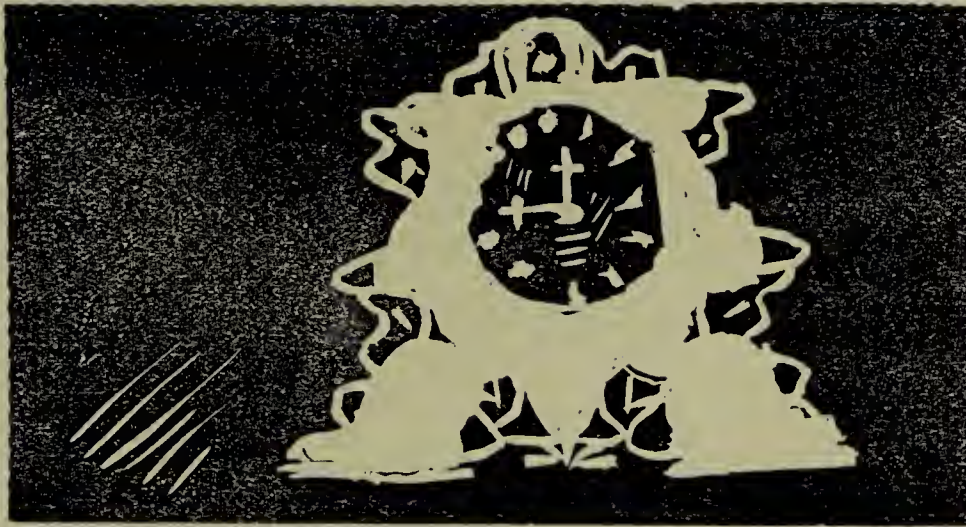
You probably won't believe what I am about to say, but I don't mind because if you don't it's nothing new. There is one bunch of "fag-fiends" who come to the door every evening on their way from work. They just stick their heads in the door and take a deep breath. From that one powerful sniff they can tell right off if there are any cigarettes in the racks. Of course, if there are any, they come charging in for the kill like a herd of wild, Jersey bulls.

While standing in the checking stand, we

notice a very small meek looking old lady enter. She walks down by the produce rack to make everybody think she wants some vegetables, but she doesn't see anything that suits her. Then she throttles back and idles over to the middle of the store. She suddenly makes a ninety degree turn and heads for the checking stand. When she finally arrives, she asks what brands we have. The checker tells her we have Camels, Luckies, Chesterfields, and Phillip Morris. A despondent look comes over her face. With a sorrowful dullness in her eyes and a pitiful, worried frown on her brow, she looks up and says, "Don't you have any Marvels"?

Then, naturally, there is the law-abiding colored boy who has to buy a pack of coffin-nails on Saturday because Sunday is a day of rest and he can't roll his own on that day.

It is all very disgusting, but even in war, a job is a job and money is money.



Here's Hoping This Passes

BOB BURNS

Today you were in English class. Again you were reminded of the theme for mid-term exam. You don't think much about the theme. It won't be so hard. You've written themes before and made fairly good grades. But no, you think, this is mid-term; you have to make a better grade.

After you're home you sit down in your favorite chair to think. What are you going to write about? Your teacher suggested several subjects—a childhood event that lingers, happiness without money, my greatest defect. No, you can't think of anything interesting on any of those subjects. Besides, this is the mid-term theme.

You unconsciously chew your eraser; then you glance at the clock. Already fifteen minutes have gone by and you haven't started.

Maybe if you do your math something will come to you. You go to work on it, somehow you drag through, stand up, stretch, then sit down again with a yawn. What's wrong with your brain, can't you think anymore?

You're a little sleepy and it's only nine o'clock. Why not wiggle a little deeper into the chair and have a nap? It'll relax your mind, you try to convince yourself.

When the clock chimes, you awake to the sudden realization that you've overslept. Why it's ten o'clock and you haven't thought of a single thing to write about, that's it, you dreamed about it. Write about what a hard time you had thinking of something to write about.

Here's hoping this passes.



Snow and Women

JAMES REESE

Did you ever stop to think how much snow and women are alike? Except for the fact that snow is always cold they are almost identical. Both are beautiful at first, but as snow melts and becomes ugly so some women seem to melt and wash their own beauty away. By this I don't mean that I think all old women are ugly, because usually it is the men who look like an old bark-skinned logs when they get old.

A woman is like a snow drift. It looks all right, but you had better not walk into it. If you stay away from it, it won't hurt you. It's amazing how easy you can get in something too deep.

I myself like to walk in the snow, especially at night. Some people like to walk with girls, but you know how easy you can slip

on ice and fall. If you fall for a girl, it is harder to get up. While snow is packed on the ground, you can have a lot of fun with it as long as it stays solid. But when it gets soft and starts to leave, it is a mess and also very annoying. Lots of times women give you a big build up for a fast let down.

You know how mad it makes you when all of a sudden it begins to blow a regular blizzard of snow and you think of how much fun you are going to have, but it melts and disappears when it comes in contact with the ground. They both cause a lot of trouble, but you can have a lot of fun with either of them. The strange thing is that we don't have snow in the summer, but "the women ye have with you always."



When The Heather Is In Bloom

C. G. SPECK

The fragrant smell of heather was in her hair, in her clothes. Of Scotland and England she reminded me. Her pale white skin as white as moonlight, her flaxen hair and her loveliness could not be excelled. Gazing at her from a distance, I first thought she was a goddess from some far-flung realm that had come to bewitch and enchant me.

Yet, she was as gentle and as sweet as she was lovely. No greater love could anyone ask than to be loved by her.

And then one day, before the lovely spring had come, she told me that she must go, go back to Scotland, to the moor-lands, and to the country that was hers.

I entreated her to remain but a few weeks longer. This she did, but forever pining for

her country and saying o'er and o'er, "Oh, to be in Scotland when the heather is in bloom—the heather and the moor-lands, the heather and my home."

My entreaties were but in vain; her love of country was greater than her love for me.

I saw her leave England one spring morning. I saw her leave England to return again no more. My heart was torn inside me; I wished to keep her here, here in my England, here with me; but her heart was not in England, her heart was not with me, her heart was in far-off Scotland with the heather and the moors.

Depart, she did, and never again to return. I had lost my heart, my only heart, to Scotland and the moors.



Without A Song

LEORA KNAPP

Without a song the day would never end;
Without a song the road would never bend.
When things go wrong, a man ain't got a
friend
Without a song. . . .

Cole Porter

I remember in the picture, "Christmas Holiday", Deanna Durbin said that music added something new to her life—something that had never been there before. So it is with music and song; it adds something very exciting. It takes you from the world of reality into a world of joy and untold emotions. Music is not only the snappy trumpet of Harry James nor the melancholy trombone of Tommy Dorsey as so many bobby sox high school kids today believe; but someday they will come to understand that it is the undescribable, intangible strains of the concertos and symphonies of Rachmaninoff, Liszt, Tschaikowsky, Franck, and countless others that take you into a world of clouds and green pastures so unlike the war-torn world of today.

The very thoughts of human beings are wrapped in song, songs to fit all moods—pensive, jolly, passionate; songs for the old and young. Man can never be in doubt as long as there is a world of song.

So as the high school and college girls with sloppy skirts and sweaters, with saddles and silver hair clips and as the cute boys of sixteen and even seventeen go whirling across the dance floors, their eyes twinkle as Tommy Dorsey swings out with Hogey Charmicheal's immortal "Stardust." They know it's the song that makes them starry-eyed. As our parents turn the dial from war news to listen to some old favorite, their eyes twinkle also. For it's with song old times are renewed. Song sends the infant to peaceful sleep. It is the very inspiration of our fighting men.

Song can make you laugh and cry. Songs are living memories—thoughts of yesterday. The world salutes the great inspiration and emotion of yesterday, today, and tomorrow. It is the poem set to music—a song.



Frozen Water

GILES POWELL

Snow lay on the ground like a great white blanket as I looked out the window on that crisp, cold morning. I was lying back down to sleep when what I had seen finally reached my fogged brain. I reached for my chewing gum, which I kept behind my ear, and rolled out of bed.

Having dressed and being well on my way through breakfast, I began to make plans for sleigh riding. This being a day of school was an added complication, but I soon decided that it was wisest to bless dear old R. C. with my presence. The day was even longer than usual; it seemed like eternity before the bell rang.

Leaving my beloved school was no easy

task, but I finally tore myself away from my loving teachers, who each wanted my company for a couple of hours, and made my way home. By dark I had disposed of my books, had my supper, and had donned my four shirts, hat, gloves, scarf, and boots. Then I borrowed a sled and left for Utopia.

I stopped by the nut-house to pick up my girl (we use them for girls anyway) and headed for the hill.

Upon arriving at our destination, we immediately tried out our skill upon the "icy track." We went down together, I being the "cushion" as well as the "pilot." It was so dark I couldn't see a thing until we were upon it. The sled lurched suddenly in an

unseen ditch, slammed across a piece of cement, and hit a series of bumps. I felt as though my ribs and chest were crushed and that I was running on one lung. All that "dead weight" on my back was compressing me until I felt like a sardine.

A telephone pole loomed out of the darkness, and I gave a frantic tug on the controls. We hit some ice and slid sideways. I dug my feet into the snow and we got straightened out. Just then some "inbosel" cut across the path, and another tug at the controls passed us just out of range of a tree.

Open road now faced us. The wind tore at our faces and tears ran down our cheeks as we sped down the rest of the hill.

We reached the bottom of the hill in a burst of speed—just enough speed to plow us through the snow on our faces as we "hit the deck" to keep from running down some "smart" driver with the brakes on.

We got up, put my ribs in place, inflated the other lung, wiped the water from our eyes, dumped the snow from our pockets and boots, blew our noses, and started back up for another peaceful coast on a snowy hill.

Yes! That's Football!

JEAN PITTMAN

Waynesboro was playing the Blue Streaks of Harrisonburg the most important game of the year. The score was 0 to 0 in the third quarter. It meant everything to the Little Giants of Waynesboro to win a game over the Blue Streaks. For years now the giants had taken a beating from the eleven clad in blue and white.

The best player for Waynesboro was Jimmy Taylor, the type that never gave up. It was very unusual for him to be tired, but this afternoon even Jimmy had taken a beating. The eleven Blue Streaks were

watching this guy because they knew that he supported the whole team.

Jimmy stood watching and waiting while the eleven in blue and white uniforms went into a huddle; he clawed the dirt first with one foot then with the other. Far ahead the two lines slowly leaned forward over the ball.

It was a punt, which sailed high into the sky. Quietness went over the spectators as the ball settled into Taylor's arms. He was off like a flash running toward that goal. Suddenly as if out of nowhere there was one of Harrisonburg's ends. Taylor was down, or was he? He was blotted out by a mass of tacklers, while one player held a shoe. He was through. As if by magic, suddenly he shot through that mass of arms, legs, and bodies. He was free again. The other ten Waynesboro men were up and after those Blue Streaks. Yes, they had cut off those tacklers and Jimmy was once more free. Yet there came a strange blue and white figure after him; he had jarred Taylor's body and upset his stride. He almost fell, yet his feet kept moving. Only five yards to go; yes, he's over.

There on the score board was 6 for Waynesboro, 0 for the visitors.

Four minutes left to play. There was still a chance for Waynesboro to be beaten.

Football wasn't fun near the end of the game; everyone was tired your head was dizzy; you were far too exhausted to call signals. Four minutes seemed like four years. Yet you knew that the other team was tired too.

Time-out was over. Harrisonburg's key man had the ball; he must be stopped. He had the ball and two of the Little Giants were after him. He was down. At this same minute the game was over!

You were too tired to realize you had won. No, this didn't matter at all. This was the game you had played so hard for and you were too tired to care who had won. Yes! That's football.



Kentucky

KAY KINSER

I was born in the suburbs of a beautiful southern city in Kentucky. This city and the small towns around it have always been my ideal spot to call home. When someone says the word Kentucky or when I see it in print, something always stops inside me. It's because the word reminds me of rolling land, green grass, pure clean air, and the picturesque patterns of the clouds on a warm summer day.

My childhood in the little town of Anchorage was a happy one. I'm not the least bit ashamed of the fact that I spent my early days in a small suburban town. On the contrary, I'm rather proud that I had the privilege of living in a beautiful clean village, free from city dust and smoke.

Life in Anchorage was not a net work of night clubs, theatres, and drive-ins. It was not even what you might call an exciting place to live, that is if you call excitement going to dance spots and big parties. It was so to me though. I was outside practically all the time. My bicycle carried me all over the country side for miles around and to the woods for fishing, hunting, and exploring. I found stray animals of all sorts, shapes, and sizes. After I adopted, named, and took them home as pets, they became a part of the family and were treated as such. One time I recall that I had a big turtle named Joe who even slept under a chair in our living room.

Sometimes at night my sister and I slept outside without fear of some stranger molesting us. We awoke in the morning when all was quiet. The air seemed cool and pure as if it had rained in the night. The trees were a shiny green and the scene looked like an over-painted picture.

I had no cares then except those concerning my adopted animal friends. Sometimes I rode my bicycle for miles and miles because I had nothing else to do. The kids in our neighborhood formed a bicycle club to have something to do, and every week we packed a picnic lunch and rode far into the country to enjoy the day. I remember that our favorite picnic ground was by a rippling creek on a farm five or six miles from our little town.

The farmer never seemed to object to our feeding his unripened apples to his mules or playing in his hay stacks. We even borrowed his big yellow ears of corn to roast over a makeshift fire. On the way home we sang songs; and when we grew tired of those we knew, we created new ones to last until we got home.

I spent twelve summers in this outdoor atmosphere; and although I have lived in Virginia almost four years now, my heart still belongs to a quiet little town in Kentucky.

Senior Class Will

We, the Senior class of Waynesboro High School, realizing that our battles have been completed and our enemies conquered, do feel it proper and fitting in this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred forty-five, to make certain bequests to those buddies who are next to occupy our positions. Thus we hereby draw up, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament.

Sam Preston leaves Dimples Kite to the junior boys, labeled "Reserved."

Giles Powell leaves his ability to be such a grand fellow to Robert Pleasants, hoping he will use it.

Helen Waller leaves her small hands to Lucille Henderson, reminding her that they are useful at times.

Myrtle Henderson wills her job at the Southern to the many envious girls that need a new way to see cadets.

Mary Rose O'Brien wills her natural curly hair to Jane Zimmerman with a comb and brush and instructions to comb daily!

Paul Jones leaves his love for the Marines to the many boys of Waynesboro High that will enter the service in the near future saying, "There's nothing like it."

Christine Hoy leaves her good grades to "Flab" Hughes with instructions that they come only through hard work.

Nehi Knapp leaves her dramatic ability to future Dramatic Club members.

Jean Furr leaves her height to Jean Birdsong, because Clevenger is taller than Skinner.

Marrion Drummond leaves Jean Pittman to the junior boys, labeled, "Private Property."

Pete East wills his dilatoriness to anyone who hates as much as he to get up in the mornings.

Jean Bratton leaves her secret on "how to get and keep" a nice figure to Frances Humphries, reminding her that dieting is dangerous.

Phyllis Cline wills her quiet disposition to Jacke Quick in high hopes.

Loula Hanger leaves her student council ability to Kitty McCormick, who seems to be doing all right.

Mary Gray Craig leaves her giggles to Juanita Jones, who seems to be making progress with her own.

Bobby Jenkins leaves his variety zoo to Mrs. Davies.

Selda Mae Layton wills her flaming red hair to the many boys and girls who have tried so hard to be strawberry blondes.

Angela Harris leaves her natural black hair to Jackie Darnell because it looks better that color than any of the others she tried lately.

Elinor White wills her weight to Betty Quillen, hoping it won't be a nuisance.

James Taylor is leaving his quiet, modest, business-like manner to "Buster" Bones, who is already business-like, but ...!

Ruby Wagner is leaving her address book to Betty Wade, who has always been competition.

Frances Lafferty won't part with her part of the Navy, so she doesn't will anything.

Calvin Via leaves his tips on "how to be lazy and get by with it" to the junior class, that already has a wonderful start.

Charlotte Cooke leaves several inches of her hair to Bob Burns to keep his ears warm.

Haliburton Baylor leaves his good looks to Carl Shumate hoping it will help him get along better with certain girls.

Woody Herron leaves his athlete ability to Bob Maupin, who's doing all right.

George Barksdale leaves his loud manner to anyone who can stand it.

Ellen Moyer leaves her basketball ability to future basketball teams reminding them that it's all right to be defeated by *out of town teams*.

Nora Critzer leaves her natural red hair to Ann Best and Libby Ann so they can stop using rinse.

Phyllis Showers leaves her grown-up ways to her brother, Clinton—hoping!

Tommy Vicars leaves his birthplace, South West, Va., to Miss Wolfe, 'cause we all know how she loves it.

Eugene Byrd wills his ability to bluff to the Waynesboro High School faculty to be used in self-defense when Jimmie Bratton learns to play "Dishes in the Sink," Scott Nininger will furnish the vocals.

Leigh Ball leaves his quiet disposition to students as they enter the library.

Charlene Armentrout wills her jokes to her sister with instructions to "keep the corn growing."

Mary Etta Cash gives her job to Betty Skillman knowing that it's easy for her to giggle.

Jean Coffey wills her hair curlers to Joan Hanger. And, Joan, there's a limit to everything.

William Craig leaves his girls at Madison College to that dashing young Casanova, Buddy Davis.

Daisy Lee Dean will not part with her man, but leaves the instructions of how to get one to Mary Virginia Rathburn with high hopes.

Kenneth Dunn leaves his quietness to Peggy Moore. Little girls should not be a radio broadcasting station!

Betty Ann Hicks leaves Woody to the many envious girls and admirers.

C. G. Speck wills his artistic ability to June Chandler. But, June, remember there is more than one kind of art.

Lois Steppe leaves her ability to ask questions to Maisie Hanger so that she can grow up to be a dictionary.

Carol Smith wills her smile to Wanda Talley reminding her to smile more often.

Edith Fitzgerald leaves her pancake make-up to Louise Carter, reminding her a dark complexion looks better with bright sweaters.

Ida Almarode leaves her ability to get other girls' boyfriends to Graham Driver, who seems to be trying hard.

Jane Layman leaves her voice to Deloris Yancey, telling her to keep singing.

Rhudine Layton leaves her love for soldiers to Jean Roberts, who already makes frequent visits to W. W. G. H.

Alvin Cook leaves his quietness to the students to use in the halls.

Viola Kelly wills her instructions on how to make long shots on the basketball court to Phyllis Fortune, wishing her better luck.

Verlin Marion leaves Woody to Betty Wade warning her, she hasn't given up.

Louise Sayre leaves her Ouija Board to Miss George, reminding her it worked one time.

Lloyd Blackwell leaves his ability to do everything to anyone who is fool enough to try it.

Robert Evans leaves his ability to get a woman and keep her to Carl Almarode, reminding him not to change daily.

Jean Gumm leaves her studious habits to all them that need them.

Seretha Taylor wills her good disposition to her sister, who already has one.

Lucille Moses leaves her big blue eyes to Joan Coyner, to wear with Cris's blue sweater.

Jimmy Beardsworth wills his beautifully bound book entitled, "What I Know About Women," to Jimmy Bratton, saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again."

Frank Taylor leaves his Math. ability in Room 201, reminding seniors that it is "blood, sweat, and tears."

Margaret Hanshaw leaves her ability to get a man and hold him to Mary Sue Gocheonour, who seems to be having difficulty.

Bob White leaves his manly physique to Kirk Cline so he can say, "Today, I am a man!"

Mary Alice Kerlin wills her neatness to Jo Ann Yount, hoping she will make use of it.

Cris Coyner wills her cheerful smile to her sister, saying "Smile and the world will smile with you."

Johnny Henderson leaves his small statue to Hannah Moore—precious things come in small packages.

Connie Ellington refuses to part with "Tony," but will leave her legs to Jackie Darnell, who seems so envious.

And now we, the Senior class, feel that he have honored you by leaving part of our highly desirable traits to the future dignified seniors, so to the faculty, we leave.

Given under our hand and seal this fourth day of June, 1945.

Senior Directory

ALMARODE, IDA

Bowling Team '41
Choral Club '41 '42
Victory Corps '43 '44
Jr. Red Cross '44 '45

ARMENTROUT, CHARLENE

Freshmen Bowling Team '41
Choral Club '41
Jr. News-Virginian Staff '41 '42
Victory Corps '41 '42 '43
Chairman Jr. Red Cross '44 '45

BAKER, CALLIE

Torch-Y '41 '42
Choral Club '42
Dramatic Club '41 '45

BALL, LEIGH

Football '43 '44
W-Club '43 '44 '45

BARKSDALE, GEORGE

Victory Corps '42
Jr. Red Cross '44
Latin Club '42
Annual Staff '45

BAYLOR, HALIBURTON

Baseball '44

BLACKWELL, LLOYD

Dramatic Club '41 '42 '43 '44 '45
Band '41 '42
Jr. News-Virginian Staff '42
Junior Varsity Basketball '43 '44
Football Manager '44
W-Club '44 '45
Cheer Leader '43 '44
Bowling Team '41
Baseball Manager '44
Annual Staff '45
Student Council '43 '44
Victory Corps, '42 '43
Basketball '44 '45
Choral Club '42 '43
Vice-President of Senior Class '45

BEARDSWORTH, JIMMY

Football '43 '44
Basketball '43 '44 '45
Jr. News-Virginian '41 '42
Junior Varsity Basketball '41 '42
W-Club '43 '44 '45

BRATTON, JEAN

Choral Club '40 '41
Victory Corps '44
Bowling Team '41

BYRD, EUGENE A.

Football '43 '44
W-Club '43 Secretary W-Club '44
Annual Staff '45
Baseball '45
Bowling Team '43

CAMPBELL, CHARLES E.

Football
W-Club

CASH, MARY ETTA

Jr. News-Virginian Staff '41 '42
Victory Corps '41 '42 '43
Jr. Red Cross '44

CLINE, PHYLLIS

Choral Club '41 '42 '43

COFFEY, JEAN

Choral Club '41 '42 '43

COOK, ALVIN

Baseball '43 '44

COOKE, CHARLOTTE

Dramatic Club '41
Jr. Varsity Basketball '42
Varsity Basketball '43 '44 '45
Annual Staff '45

COYNER, CRIS

Choral Club '41
Dramatic Club '41
Victory Corps '42 President '43 '44
Student Council '43 '44
Jr. Red Cross '44

CRAIG, MARY GRAY

Student Council '42 '43 '44
Torch-Y '42
Victory Corps Chairman Gen. Div. '44
Basketball—Jr. Varsity '42 Varsity '45
Dramatic Club '42 '44
Majorette Corps '44

CRAIG, WILLIAM

Dramatic Club '41
Latin Club '42
Jr. News-Virginian Staff '41
Football '44
Bowling Team '41

CRITZER, NORA

Dramatic Club

DEAN, DAISY LEE

Entered High School in '43

DUNN, KENNETH

Dramatic Club

DRUMMOND, MARRION

Football
Basketball

ELLINGTON, CONSTANCE BERNICE

Junior Varsity Basketball '42
Jr. News-Virginian Staff '42 '43
Choral Club '42
Latin Club '43
Torch-Y '43
Varsity Basketball '43
Dramatic Club '42
Victory Corps '44 Chairman Community Division
Student Council '43 Secretary '44 '45
Social Committee '44 '45

EVANS, ROBERT T.

Choral Club
Annual Staff '45

FITZGERALD, EDITH

Choral Club '43

FURR, JEAN

Bowling Team '42 '43 '44

GUMM, JEAN

Choral Club '41 '42 '43

HANGER, LOULA C.

Secretary Assembly Committee '42
Victory Corps '42 '43
Vice-President Junior Class '43 '44
Student Council '43 '44 President '44 '45

HANSHAW, MARGARET

Bowling Team '42
Entered High School in 1941
Victory Corps

HARRIS, ANGELA

Junior Red Cross '43 '44 '45

HENDERSON, JOHN

Dramatic Club '41 '42
Junior News-Virginian '41 '42
W-Club '43 '44 '45
Football Manager '42 '43 '44
Basketball Manager '42 '43 '44
Baseball Manager '42 '43 '44

HENDERSON, MYRTLE

Choral Club '41 '42
Jr. Varsity Basketball '41 '42
Bowling Team '42 '43
Basketball '43 '44 '45
Social Committee '44 '45
Cheerleaders '44 '45

HICKS, BETTY ANN

Choral Club '42
Victory Corps '43
Annual Staff '41
Bowling Team '41
Latin Club '43

HOY, CHRISTINE

Victory Corps '42 '43

JENKINS, ROBERT

Dramatic Club '44 '45
Jr. News-Virginian Staff '42 '43

KELLY, VIOLA

Entered High School in 1943
Basketball '44 '45 (Captain)
Annual Staff '45
Bowling Team '43 '44

KERLIN, MARY ALICE

Choral Club '41 '42
Dramatic Club '42 '43
Social Committee '43 '44
Annual Staff '45

KNAPP, LEORA MAY

Dramatic Club '41 '42, '42 '43
Cheer leader '42 '43, '43 '44, '44 '45
Annual Staff '45

LAFFERTY, FRANCES

Junior Varsity Basketball '42
Choral Club '42
Torch-Y '42
Basketball '43 '44, '44 '45
Freshmen Dramatic Club '41 '42
Annual Staff '45

LAYMEN, JANE

Manager Basketball '43 '44
Social Committee '43 '44
Band '42 '43
Orchestra '41 '42

LAYTON, RHUDENE

Bowling Team '41
Entered High School in 1941

LAYTON, SELDA MAE

Entered High School in 1941

MARION, VERLIE

Victory Corps '42 '43
Jr. News-Virginian Staff '42 '43

MOSES, LUCILLE

Choral Club '41 '42 '43

MOYER, ELLEN

Jr. Varsity Basketball '41
Assembly Committee '41 Chairman '42
Torch-Y '42
Victory Corps '43
Basketball '45
Annual Staff '45

NININGER, SCOTT

Band '41 '42 '43
Dramatic '41 '42

O'BRIEN, MARY ROSE

Dramatic Club '43 '44
Latin Club '41 '42
Variety Show '45

POWELL, GILES

Basketball '42 '43 '44 '45
Football '42 '43 '44
Tennis '41
Jr. Varsity Basketball '41
Student Council '41 '42 Vice-President '43
W-Club '43 '44 '45
Victory Corps '43
President Junior Class '43 '44
President Senior Class '44 '45
Annual Team '41
Bowling Team '41

PRESTON, SAM

Entered high school in '42
Social Com. '44 '45 President
Football '42 '43 '44 '45
Dramatic Club '43 '44
Band '42

SAYRE, LOUISE

Choral Club '41 '42
Victory Corps '42 '43
Torch-Y '42 '43
Bowling Team '42 '43 '44

SHOWERS, PHYLLIS

Entered high school in 1941

SPECK, C. G.

Dramatic Club '43 '44
Latin Club '42

STEPPE, LOIS

Choral Club '41 '42 '43
Dramatic Club '41 '42 '43 '44
Victory Corps '43 '44
Tennis '41
Basketball '41 '42 '43 '44
Jr. Red Cross '43
Latin Club

TAYLOR, FRANK M.

Football '44
Baseball '45

TAYLOR, JAMES

Annual Staff '45
Victory Corps '42 '43, '43 '44
Bowling Team '41
Dramatic Club '42

TAYLOR, SERETHA

Choral Club '41

VIA, CALVIN

Baseball '44
W-Club '44 '45

VIA, RUDOLPH

Football '42 '43 '44
Baseball '44 '45
W-Club '44 '45
Track '44 '45
Bowling '44

VICARS, TOM

Football '43 '44
W-Club '43 '44

WAGNER, RUBY

Dramatic Club '42
Jr. News-Virginian '43
Jr. Red Cross '44 '45
Student Council '45
Manager Girls' Basketball '45
Annual Staff

WALLER, HELEN

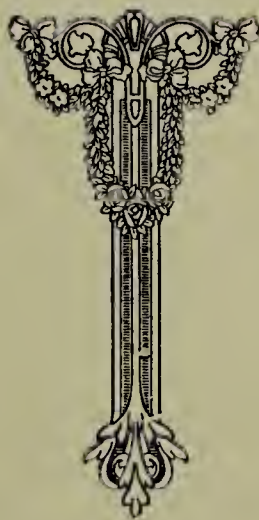
Choral Club

WHITE, ELEANOR

Choral Club '43
Victory Corps '43
Basketball '45
Bowling Team '42

WHITE, ROBERT

Junior Varsity Basketball '41
Dramatic Club '41
Football '42 '43 '44 '45





TO THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1945

ooOoo

You are in the vanguard of progress. You are potent factors in the upbuilding of our Nation's welfare. You are bright beacons of endeavor upon the shores of the vast sea of life. Truly, we are proud of you, and the victories you achieved will be a great reflection in the years to come. But it is our sincere hope that all of you will aspire to climb to the greater heights of knowledge and fame in higher education.

We wish for each one of you a full life of happiness and success.

ooOoo

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VIRGINIA

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Wm. F. Landes Auto Co.

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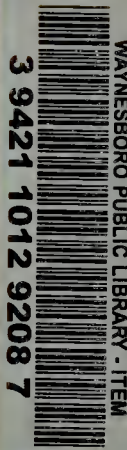
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